# A MISCELLANY OF NEW POEMS,

On ſeveral OCCASIONS.

By *R. LUCK*, A. M. Maſter of *Barnſtable* School:

Containing alſo,

The LOVES of *HERO* and *LEANDER*,

Tranſlated from the *Greek* of *MUSÆUS*.

To which are added,

POEMATA QUÆDAM LATINA.

AUCTORE *R. LUCK*.

——*Veniam petimuſq; damuſq; viciſſim.* Hor.
*In tenui labor; at tenuis non gloria.* Virg.

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M DCC XXXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

# PREFACE.

THIS *to comply with Cuſtom that I burthen the Readers of this* Miſcellany *with a Preface: Not to Apologize for writing, much leſs for publiſhing what I write. I write many times to oblige my Friends; ſometimes, eſpecially of late Years, to amuſe myſelf under the Pain of the Gout, whoſe Viſits elſe I had not born ſo cheerfully. Thoſe Pieces are Subſcrib'd (uſually)* Podargus, *or* Senex: *And are, I preſume, as good as any in the Collection.*

*It is eaſy to obſerve from the Subjects, or the Dates of ſeveral of my little Poems, that I have been occaſionally an humble Servant of the* Muſes *for almoſt half a Century. Tho' I know not whether I ought to own it; ſince any one, who has a Mind to be Arch, may ſay I was to blame to continue my Addreſſes to thoſe coy Ladies, who had ſo coolly receiv'd 'em: And an ill-natur'd Man may aſk why I had made no*

*better*

better Improvements. But the candid, who know me, will find this Excuse for me, that I have had, the greatest part of my Life, Business enough of another Kind to take me off from that Application necessary to the forming a tolerable Poet; if indeed such a thing can be allow'd, since our Master Horace has so peremptority deny'd it.

This Candour I shall hope, because I have endeavour'd to deserve it, from those Gentlemen, whom I have had the Honour to Educate. They ought (I think) to read my Performances as Favourably as I examin'd Theirs.

One of that Number, now a Great, and (what is more valuable) a very good Man, will forgive the Liberty I take to print his Translation of the 15th Ode of Hor. Epod. done by him when Young under my Care. I read it then with too much Pleasure ever to forget it. 'Tis to gratify his Modesty I conceal his Name.

The 4 Latin Lines on the Picture of a Beautiful and good Woman in Miniature, it had been a Crime not to publish; since I have the Opinion of some of the finest Taste, they are equal to the best 4 lin'd Epigram in that Language. The Author of that, and of the 4 English lines opposite to it, were then Members of my little Family, and now of Oxford.

The Collection of Latin Poems, untranslated, are publish'd at the particular Instance of some Learned Friends. That, intitled the Bridle Pye, was writ by the Command of that fine Writer and

*and Judge of Compoſition, the late Lord* Lanſ-down. *His Lordſhip* 16 *Years ago preſt me to print it, with ſome other Performances in that Language, which he was pleas'd to ſay his Friends had ſent him. If I had had the Courage then to have obey'd his Lordſhip, conſidering the Manner he was pleas'd to hint I ſhould have Leave to have publiſh'd them in; ſo ſmall a Collection would have been five times more Advantageous to me than this Volume.*

*As I have concluded my* Engliſh *Poems with an Elegy on an excellent* Wife; *ſo I ſhut up my* Latin *with one upon an Admirable* Queen: *which Dr* Aldrich, *the worthy Dean of* Chriſt Church *when I was a young Student there, thought worthy a Place in that Book of Poems preſented to his Majeſty King* William *on the Death of his* Royal Conſort, *Queen* Mary.

*If it be demanded why at this Time of Life I venture to publiſh a* Miſcellany of Poems; *I have this to ſay, that many Copies of moſt of the Things I had writ, being in the Hands of many more, than they were deſign'd for, my Friends thought it adviſeable I ſhould collect thoſe* disjecti membra Poetæ *into one little Volume. And indeed I ſhould think it an Affront to their* private Judgment, *not to riſque* publick Cenſure: *Eſpecially ſince they were pleas'd to furniſh me with ſeveral Pieces; of which I had kept no Copies. I wiſh I had Reaſon to be as fearleſs for the Fate of the* Engliſh *Poems, as I am of the* Latin.

*As for the Epigrams here and there interſpers'd,*

*I have made use of 'em, chiefly to fill the Pages, where they are plac'd; that my kind Subscribers might have* Verses *instead of* blank Paper. *I believe they will be found to be none of the worst Productions of this* Poetical Age.

*I beg to be believ'd in this Assertion, that I have not drawn the Character of a* Friend, *or a* Patron, *but what I am fully perswaded is like.*

*A* Noble disinterested Patriot, *an* uncorrupt Senator, *an* affectionate, assiduous Guardian, *a* Virtuous grateful Orphan, *will appear* shining Characters *hereafter, (if any thing of mine shall outlive a first reading) to those, who perhaps knew not the* Persons, *or* Names *of those, whom I attempt to describe.—Such Originals deserve a better Hand to draw 'em; and are not common enough to render it difficult to guess at 'em.*

6 NO 61

Barnstaple, Feb. 14, 1735-6.

THE

THE

# CONTENTS.


ESSAY on Happineſs Page 1
Wrote in a Window with a Diamond 7
*Horace*; *Epod.* xv. tranſlated by a young Gentleman at School A. D. 1701. 8
*Phaethuſa*, Addreſs'd to the D. of *Queensberry* 9
On Mrs *M. L*'s Picture in Miniature 13
The Picture. By *Senex* 14
The Picture in a Snuff-box. By *Senex* 15
To Miſs *Lucy Incledon* on her Recovery from a Fever 16
Firſt Epiſtle to the Revd. Mr *B. Honycombe* 17
Second Epiſtle 21
*Martial* Ep. 78. B. 4. 25
To the moſt Illuſtrious *Catrina* 26
Epiſtle to the Rt Hon. Ld *Clinton*; occaſion'd by the Death of Mr *Carſwell* 27
On the Death of Mr *John Newel* 30
*Martial*, Ep. 5. B. 3. imitated 31
The Viſiting Lady 32
Firſt Epiſtle to *J. D.* Eſq; of *Trinity* College, *Oxford* 33
Second Epiſtle 36
The Choice 38
On Mr *Pope*'s Homer 39
*Martial* Ep. 9. B. 1. *ibid.*
The Power of Love 40
*Orlides* 41
The Bowl 56


The

# The CONTENTS.


The Dry Joke 56
The *Barum* Conſort 58
Part of *Hor.* Ode iii. B. 1. imitated 59
News from *Vienna* 60
Epiſtle to *Senex*, againſt Satire 61
To Mrs *E. N.* extempore ſpoken 64
The Ladies *Anne* and *Mary Granville* 65
Pennance Ode 67
The Match 68
An Ode to *Hugh St——d*, Eſq; on Sir *H. N.* Bt, Marrying his Daughter 71
An Epiſtle to Sir *J. Ch——r*, Bt, on his marrying with Mrs *F. H.* 73
The Zealot 77
An Elegy on the Death of the Revd. Mrs *Morriſon's* Infant, who dy'd the Day he was born 79
Ode to Dr *Ch. Bave* of *Bath* 80
Elegy on the Death of Dr *Bave* by *Meliſſa* 86
On Miſs *Morriſon's* Birth Day 89
The Cock and Jewel 91
*Martial* Ep. 19. B. 3. from the 3d Form in *Weſtminſter* School 92
Royal Juſtice 93
On the Rt Hon. Lady *Ca. Herbert's* Dancing with an antient Gentleman A. D. 1694. 100
Mrs *E. C.* —— to a bad Singer 101
The generous Maſtiff 103
*Daſy's* Complaint, an Epiſtle to *Dapper de Bath* 104
*Horace*; Ode xxv. B. 1. 107
*Martial* Ep. 104. B. 1. To *Mammon* 108
The Feaſt of the Birds 110
To a Lady who demanded a Sample of his Poetry 113

# CONTENTS.


*Horace*, Ode iv. B. 1. by Mr. *J. H.* 115
*David*'s Serenade 116
If Love's a Sweet Paſſion, *Lat.* and *Eng.* 118
Riches and Health, Epiſtle to *Phidon* 120
On a Pound 123
To Mr. *Bays* 124
A Diſſertation upon Horns 125
*Sawny*; or, the Man of Conſequence 127
The Spider and Poet 132
A Medicine for the Gout 134
The Fox and the Grapes 136
The Spaniel and Turnſpit. Addreſs'd to the Grand Vizir 139
On a Memorable Duel 140
Epilogue to *Phormio* 141
Prologue to the Brothers 143
Epilogue 144
Epilogue to *Andria* 146
Epilogue to the *Self-Tormentor* 148
The Loves of *Hero* and *Leander*, from the *Greek* of *Muſæus*, addreſs'd to the Ladies of *Great Britain* 151
SERIA 173
On Time. New-Year's-Eve 173
The Wiſdom of Believing 174
A Midnight's Contemplation 178
To the Atheiſt 181
Ode on *Chriſtmas-Day* 182
A Midnight's Thought in Sickneſs 183
An Ode on *January* 30. *A. D.* 1734 186
The Royal Martyr. *Lat.* and *Eng.* 189
*Jephthah*'s Vow. *Lat.* and *Eng.* *ibid*
On King *Staniſlaus*'s Letter 190
To the Memory of Mrs. *Mary Luck* 191


LATIN

# CONTENTS.

## *LATIN POEMS.*


The Bridle Pye 1
*Utrum horum mavis accipe* 5
The Bright God of Day. A *Sapphick* Ode 6
The needleſs Caution 8
*Elegeia in excidium Mali* 9
*Bouts Rimes, extemporanea ex Anglicanis Hon. Vini* Gul. Y——ge, *Bart.* 10
Contemptus Divitiarum 11
Fruſtra fit per plura quod fieri potuit perpauciora 14
Ænigma 15
Epigramma in Carcerem *Bodm.* *ibid*
Spes deluſæ 16
Merito amittit proprium aliéna qui appetit *ibid*
*Abdallæ* et *Beroes* Hiſtoria, ſive Tranſmigratio 17
Pol me occidiſtis, amici 23
Ad Rev. *Lud. Stephens*; Ode 24
Qui timide rogat docet negare 27
Ad Hon. Virum Dm. *Johannem Chicheſter*, Bar. de Youlſton 27 & 30
From Hudibras. 32
Eruditiſſimo Viro Guilelmo Carſwell 33
Reverendo ornatiſſimoque Viro *T. Morriſon*, S. 35
Laudes Cœlibis Vitæ 36
An Biblia ſint legenda Laicis? Aff. 38
Ad *Guilelmum Forteſcue* Arm. in auſpicatiſſimum illuſtriſſimi Principis FREDERICI Adventum 39


6 NO 61


Jepthæ Votum 42
Ad illuſtriſſimum Principem *Guilelmum Naſſavum* 43
*Ephitaphium* J. J——n 44
In obitum ſereniſſimæ Reginæ MARIÆ, quæ variolis correpta ſatis ceſſit, Dec. 28. A. C. 1694. Æt. ſuæ 33.

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# LUCK's POEMS.

*The Reader is desired to correct the following and what other* Errata *of the Press he may find.*

P. 20. v. 76. *for* Scenes *r.* Schemes. p. 34. v. 31. *for* Here *r.* How. p. 42. v. 1. *for* benigne *r.* benigni. p. 44. v. 3. *for* lenibas *r.* lenibat. p. 50. v. 4. *for* mentis *r.* mensis. v. 9. *for* Ferculæ *r.* Fercula. p. 78. v. 12. *after* senemque *put* · p. 82. v. 10. *for* errorat *r.* irrorat. p. 117. v. 3. *dele* , *after* Virgo. p. 119. v. 14. *for* errori *r.* errore. P. 131. v. 1. *for* Friend's *r.* Friend. P. 155. v. 6. *for* Abidos *r.* Abydos. P. 183. v. 9. *after* Plains *put* ? V. 16. *for* ? *put* ; V. 17. *after* innocent *dele* , *and put it after* himself.

*In the* Latin *Poems*, p. 1. v. 11. *for* fatescit *read* fatiscit. Ibid. v. 12. *after* Deterit *dele* ; P. 13. v. 54. *after* miselli *dele* : P. 14. v. 74, *for* denos *r.* denas. P. 16. *read line* 1. *thus*, ——Væ misero mihi, quanta de Spe decidi! Ter.—— Ib. v. 7. *for* temeri *r.* temere. Ib. l. 16. *for* hæ *r.* hæc. P. 23. v. 130. *for* Astulit *r.* Abstulit. P. 24. v. 18. *for* Audit *r.* Audiit. P. 27. v. 12. *for* Ingenii *r.* Ingeni. P. 28. v. 23. *for* rebus *r.* fœdis. P. 32. v. 53. *for* Exterior *r.* Experior. P. 33. v. 15. *for* Usq; *r.* Usuq; P. 36. v. 3. *for* intentis *r.* intentas.

6 NO 61

Other errata.
P. 125. v. 1. for Head & Drink. p. 138. v. 8. for Friend's r. Friend.
In the Latin
P. 1. v. 12. after Deterit dele; after cote dele,
P. 24. v. 18. for Audit lubens r. Audiit lætus.

# *A* MISCELLANY OF NEW POEMS.

## An ESSAY upon HAPPINESS.

*Monſtro quod ipſe tibi poſſis dare.* —— Juv.

MANLY *and* FLUTTER.

MANLY.

SUrvey created Nature, and you'll find
Various Degrees, all perfect in their kind,
But Man: who ſtiles himſelf, ſo vain his Pride!
Second to Angels, Lord of all beſide.
Perfect indeed from Mother Earth he came:
His Maker's Image dignify'd his Frame.
How ſoon that Glory did his Guilt deface,
And Reaſon to inferior Senſe give place!
Not Globes of downy Seeds, that float in Air;
Not bubbles, blown by ſportive Boys, compare
With vainer Man: who, tho' he Reaſon boaſt,
Lighter than theſe, is by his Paſſions toſt.

To all, that live, does *Happineſs* belong:
And none, but Lordly Man, purſue it wrong.
To their beſt good kind Nature guides; and they
With uniform Obedience keep their way.
Of Food, of Love, of Liberty poſſeſt,
Have all, they can enjoy, are fully bleſt.
See! how *Leviathan* his paſtime takes,
Bounds o'er the Billows, and a Tempeſt makes.
Now gently through the Sea's calm Surface glides:
Now in fair *Thetis'* oozy Lap he hides.
High pois'd in Air, th' Imperial Bird ſurveys,
The leſs'ning Earth, nor fears *Sol*'s pointed rays;
Or perch'd on craggy Rocks, impervious height,
Down on her Prey ſhe ſhoots with rapid flight;
Which to her callow Neſt her Talons bear,
A creſted Serpent, or a trembling Deer.
Pleas'd with their proper Bliſs; they wiſh no more,
She neither aims to dive; nor He to ſoar.
Unrival'd they their diff'rent Stations keep;
She Queen of Birds: He—Tyrant of the Deep.
Thou, who no higher Happineſs can'ſt find,
Herd with thy fellow Brutes, renounce Mankind.
Much nobler Proſpects thoſe, who think, employ,
Than this low World can give, or Senſe enjoy.

The

The chiefeſt Good's our End. Which, what it is,
If we don't fix, what wonder, if we miſs!
Some placing it in Knowledge, ſtuff their Brains,
With learned Lumber, writ with endleſs pains.
Idly laborious, knotty Points purſue,
Of no Importance, whether falſe or true.
Theſe *Pyrrho*'s *Ipſe dixit* ne'er receive;
And, what they can't demonſtrate, won't believe.
Strange Fruit of Learning! we're by *T—d—l* told,
The Goſpel is as the Creation old.
The Miracles had felt thy learned Rage:
But *Woolſton* firſt did in that Work engage.

*Flutter.* Conqueſt and Empire ſure will be confeſt,
To make the Hero above others bleſt.
For ſuch Rewards he wiſely quits his Eaſe,
And all the Pleaſures of inglorious Peace.
Drives thro' th' embattel'd Hoſt his thund'ring Car;
Deals Death all round, and is himſelf a War.
See! captive Princes his proud Triumphs grace,
In Woe majeſtick, and a ſullen Pace.

*M.* Go on, puiſſant Sir, for ever ſhine,
In glitt'ring Arms, and live—a Porcupine.
Let it be told, to thy immortal Fame,
That Nurſes huſh their Children with thy Name.

With *Philip*'s Son, Earth's utmoſt bounds explore,
And, having conquer'd one World, weep for more.

*F.* Of mighty Kingdoms won by Sword and Spear,
The indolent may think the Purchaſe dear.
Safer, but not ſo glorious, are the Thrones,
The Birth-right of Hereditary Drones.
Annals their Acts record, but not their Deeds;
The Father reigned, and the Son ſucceeds.
But to be cull'd prime Miniſter of State,
Amid'ſt a Thouſand; make your Betters wait
Your Levee's Leiſure! This is to be great.
Your Prince's favour to monopolize,
And ſee your Creatures by your Int'reſt riſe.

*M.* Your Prince approves, and well rewards your Skill,
By Ways and Means who his Finances fill.
But, *Stateſman*, who thee envies, may he feel
The Tortures of poor *Damocles*'s meal.
View the rich Banquet on the royal Board:
But ſtart and tremble at th' impending Sword.
The Luſtre of a Crown the Monarch wears:
But the dead Weight his anxious Fav'rite bears.
Whom if Caprice, or Rage, or Fate pull down,
Tho' Thouſands by him roſe, he falls alone.

So

So ſome tall Admiral majeſtick ſails,
The Pirate's Dread, big-ſwoln with proſp'rous Gales.
Her gilded Stern reflects *Apollo*'s ray,
On the green Surface darting double Day.
The *Nereids* liſten, *Triton*'s ſelf attends,
More pleas'd than envious, his hoarſe Conch ſuſpends:
Whilſt her loud Trumpet a ſhrill Treble plays,
And Drum and thund'ring Canon roar a Baſs.
The guarded Merchants, fearful for their Freight,
Revere their Convoy, and her Motions wait.
Till ſtriking on a Rock, her Planks divide,
The hideous Chaſm admits the ruſhing Tide.
All ſee her Danger, at a diſtance keep,
And leave her found'ring in the yawning Deep.—

*F.* But is not Happineſs the rich Man's Lot!
Riches, however left, however got,
Will make Men love you, or will make 'em fear.
Whether you're born ſome ſtarving Miſer's Heir;
Or in ſome Stock the ſecret Plunder ſhare.
Be a Director, with the Primier vote;
And be, for cheating Thouſands, fin'd— a Groat.

*M.* But if you Buſineſs hate, yet love the Town;
Ladies and Beaux your Taſte for Pleaſure own.

Learn you from them one ſteady round to keep;
Riſe but to dreſs, eat, viſit, play, and ſleep.

*F.* Happy the Mortal, whoſe fair Country Seat,
From Noiſe and Scandal yields a ſafe Retreat.
There will I welcome the Sun's earlieſt Ray,
Whilſt my pleas'd Eyes a various Scene ſurvey;
Enamel'd Meads, tall Trees, and purling Streams,
Grotto's, Parterres, Doves, Lambkins.——

*M.* ——————————School boys Themes.

*F.* On Sabbath-days our Vicar ſhall ſay Grace;
Sit out the Meal—no Tithe my Barton pays.
To paſs my Time, and not be uſeleſs quite,
I'll of the *Quorum* be: read *Dalton.*——

*M.* ——————————Right.

Your Butler, to ſave Wages, be your Clerk,
Who robs your Hen-rooſt, let him feel the jerk.
None but yourſelf, and Brother Worſhips, dare
To taſte the Pheaſant, Patridge, Trout, or Hare.
If at a Farmer's board ſuch Cates are ſeen;
He's ſturdy. Let the Game-Act vent your ſpleen.

*F.* Much to the *Pains* of Travellers we owe;
But none their *Pleaſures*, but themſelves can know.
Of what they write, I wou'd a witneſs be,
I read with Pleaſure, but with Tranſport ſee.

*M.* Go, ſeek Adventures, travel with the Sun,
Fond of ſtrange Sights, thro' all the Zodiac run.
O'er Lands and Seas whilſt you with hazard roam;
The Wiſe, at bounteous *Greſham*'s ſtately Dome,
Sacred to *Knowledge*, ſafely view what e'er
In Art is curious, or in Nature rare.
*F.* In her own Shell let the dull Tortoiſe live;
Uneaſy here, I'll try what Change can give.
*M.* Vain Wanderer! not all the World can grant
The Bleſſing, you at home complain you want:
Tir'd with the fruitleſs ſearch, at laſt you'll find,
That *Happineſs* is ſeated in the *Mind*.

## *Wrote in the Window with a Diamond.*

FIdi Penates exiguæ Domus,
Salvete, talem condere Socrates
Fertur. Viro haud ſervit minori,
Quam, *Neoville*, colis, Sororque.
Perpetuum ſervet vitrum breve carmen amici.

## HORACE to NEÆRA. Epod. XV.

THE Day was gone, and *Cynthia*'s borrow'd Light
Out-ſhone the little glitt'ring Stars of Night,
When round my Neck your ſnowy Arms you caſt;
No Ivy hugs the ſturdy Oak ſo faſt;
And thus you ſwore, in Accents fit to uſe,
When Woman wou'd ſome cred'lous Fop abuſe:
" Whilſt prowling Wolves infeſt the tender Lambs,
" And tear them trembling from their bleating Dams;
" Whilſt ever-young *Apollo*'s golden Hair,
" Looſe and unpoll'd waves wanton in the Air;
" Whilſt angry Tempeſts ſwell the winter Sea;
" *Horace*, our mutual Love ſhall conſtant be.
You ſhall, *Neæra*, when too late, repent,
Your Falſehood, which I bravely can reſent.
Once vex'd, no more ſhall my fond Heart give place,
To the bewitching Beauties of your Face.
And thou, my Rival, who now joy'ſt to ſee
Thy Happineſs confeſs my Miſery,
Tho' bounteous Nature well improv'd by Art,
Tho' heaps of Gold their ſhining Aid impart,
To make thee reign the Idol of her Heart,
Yet in my turn I ſhall rejoice to ſee
The Nymph jilt you, as ſhe has jilted me.

The

# *The* Female PHAETON.

*Addreſſed to his Grace the Duke of* Queenberry *and* Dover.

WHEN *Britain*'s HORACE tun'd his Lyre,
To ſing the noble Maid,
Whoſe Beauty ſet the World on fire,
Amidſt the Flames he play'd.

*Hyde*'s matchleſs Charms, my *Prior*'s Wit
Learn'd Foreigners ſhall know:
Thou both (ſaid *Mercury*) tranſmit
From *Thames* to diſtant *Po*.

Strait I invok'd the *Latian* Muſe;
E'en then I cou'd divine,
*Sicilian* Muſes Bays wou'd chuſe,
To charm the Royal Line.

O *Queensberry!* cou'd happy *Gay*
This Off'ring to thee bring,
'Tis his, my Lord, (he'd ſmiling ſay)
Who taught your *Gay* to ſing.

A numerous Race extend your Joys,
Lovely, illuſtrious Pair!
Heroes and Patriots be the Boys,
Each Girl as *Kitty* fair.

## *Phaethuſa.*

EGregia *Lyde* forma, jam cruda marito,
Ludens exultim more triennis equæ,
His Matrem verbis, in quæ facit ira diſertam,
Alloquitur pulchram pulchrior Ipſa ſuam.

Diſplicuit (quid enim !) cautæ cuſtodia Matris,
Nec tulit ulterius Virgo latere domi,
Impoſitas exoſa preces, normamque ſeveram;
Quando animo Pallas regnat, & ore Venus.

Heu ! famulas inter inſtar triſtis concludar aniles ?
Tetrica virgineo pollice Scripta terens ?
Ni fallor, Natura alios me finxit in uſus,
Gratior & tenero pectore cura ſedet.

Cognatas inter Dominas quid *Flavia* felix
Diſcurret, cunctis conſpicienda locis ?
Serviet huic uni cum lætis Scena Choreis,
Et multa victrix cœde redibit ovans ?

Num qua Naturæ ſecreta dote ſuperbit ?
Munere quo Soror eſt anteferenda mihi ?
Deperit hanc Procerum cur pretextata Juventus ?
Integer hic *Lyden* nominat, ille bibit ?

O !

## *The Female* Phaeton.

THUS *Kitty*, beautiful and young,
And wild as Colt untam'd,
Beſpeaks the *Fair*, from whom ſhe ſprung,
With little Rage inflam'd.

Inflam'd with Rage at ſad Reſtraint,
Which wiſe Mamma ordain'd,
And ſorely vexed to play the Saint,
Whilſt Wit and Beauty reign'd.

Shall I thumb holy Books, confin'd
With *Abigails* forſaken?
*Kitty*'s for other Things deſign'd,
Or I am much miſtaken.

Shall Lady *Jenny* friſk about,
And viſit with her Couſins?
At Masks and Balls make all the Rout;
And bring home Hearts by Dozens?

What has ſhe better, pray, than I?
What hidden Charms to boaſt;
That all Mankind for her muſt die,
Whilſt I am ſcarce a Toaſt?

Deareſt

O! Semel experiar liceat, chariſſima Mater,
Quid valeam, atque aura Liberiore frui.
Conſcia Forma jubet promittere, Nobilis alter,
Qui mihi captivum ſe fateatur, erit.

Incedam paribus tua *Lyde* elata triumphis:
Agnoſcet vires transfuga turba meas.
Hoſce oculos ſequitur Victoria, mœſta dolebit
Me prodire Soror, ſed latuiſſe Proci.

Inſtanti toties poterat jam dura videri
Mater, ni taiis Nata movere queat.
Optatum obtinuit Currum male blanda Puella,
Et flammas toto ſparſit in Orbe novas.

## —*Ineſt ſua Gratia parvis.*

ASpice quot Veneres facie ſpectantur in una!
Exigua in Tabula Gratia quanta nitet!
Praxitelis Phidiæque Deas, quas Græcia jactat,
Vincit fœminea Fœmina picta manu.

Dearest Mamma, for once let me
Unchain'd my Fortune try.
I'll have my Earl as well as She,
Or know the Reason why.

With *Jenny*'s Pride I'll soon quit score,
Make all her Lovers fall,
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
She, I was loos'd at all.

Fondness prevail'd; Mamma gave way,
*Kitty*, at Heart's desire,
Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
And set the World on fire.

## *On Mrs* L---'s *Picture, drawn in Miniature. By Mrs* La Groot.

HOW many Beauties center in one Face!
How small the Tablet; but how sweet the Grace!
The Goddesses of *Greece* and *Rome* must own
Themselves and Painters by this Piece outdone.

*The*

## *The Picture.*

SHou'd ſome great Genius labour to diſpenſe
A finiſh'd Piece of Female Excellence.
Shou'd he deſcribe her Noble without Pride:
Serene her Looks, as a calm Summer's Tide.
Adorn'd by Nature; well improv'd by Art.
Her well-weigh'd Words, the Meſſage of her Heart.
Bounteous as *April* Showers; but not profuſe:
Expence directed leſs by *Show* than *Uſe*.
Known to the Wiſe, and by the Wiſe rever'd.
By ſweeteſt Manners to her Friends endear'd.
Chearful as Innocence, or new-born Day.
Her Paſſions guarded by right Reaſon's ſway.
By conſcious Virtue beſt ſecur'd from fear.
Candid to others: to her-ſelf ſevere.
Religious, without Bigotry: without
The Hypocrite's Formality, devout.
Who ſuch a lovely Portraiture ſhould ſee,
And not confeſs that FORTESCUE was She?
The bright Original wou'd give it Fame,
And make the Piece Immortal as her Name.

SENEX.

## *To Mrs* El. C---s.

### *On Sight of the Hon. Mrs* Forteſcue's *Picture given to her in the Lid of a Snuff-box.*

WHilſt we, *Eliza*, fondly gaze
On the Reſemblance of her Face.
Adorn'd with Flowers and wavy Locks,
In the ſmall Circle of that Box:
Or in the Pannel view the *Fair*, †
With a *Madona*'s penſive Air;
In various Poſture, Size, and Dreſs,
The Charmer we, the ſame confeſs.
So *Phœbus* does no Changes know,
However he appears below;
Or veil'd with Clouds, or ſprightly gay,
In *Capricorn*, or blooming *May*.
*Apelles* may the Colour ſtrike,
And draw the niceſt Features like.
No Pencil ever yet deſign'd,
The laſting Beauties of the Mind.
Who beſt wou'd ſhew this noble Maid,
Let him invoke *Urania*'s Aid.

† *The Lady's Picture amongſt other Family-Pieces in the great Parlour at* Caſtle-Hill.

When Time diſſolves that lovely Frame,
The Muſe ſhall ſtill preſerve her Fame.
The *Portraiture*, which *Senex* drew,
* Did *Bindon*'s, and *Goupee*'s outdo. †

* *He drew her Picture at Length.* † *She in the Snuff-box.*

## *To Miſs* Lucy Incledon.

*Dear Miſs*,

WHom Heaven is pleas'd to ſave
From the Confines of the Grave,
A Mother's Prayers are not deny'd,
Whoſe Patience had ſo oft been try'd. *
The raging Fever diſappears,
Cool'd by Sighs, and quench'd by Tears;
And Hopes ſucceed thy Parents Fears.

Thou, Duty for their Care return,
Till — both are gather'd to their Urn.
Sweet Bloſſom; may thy Father ſee,
His Mother's Image live in Thee.
Ripen'd to Woman, may'ſt thou prove,
Without her Fears, a Mother's Love.

* *She had bury'd ſeveral Children.*

An

## *An* EPISTLE

### *To the Revd Mr* B. Honycomb, *at* Caſtle-hill, *the Seat of the Rt. Hon. Ld.* CLINTON, *in* Filleigh.

KInd Greetings to my deareſt Friend,
Which I had rather bring, I ſend.
Confin'd to Bed I reſtleſs lie,
And all the various Poſtures try,
A-thwart, a-long, this ſide, now that;
I Pray, I Write, I Read, I Chat.
And all a gentle Nap to gain,
A ſhort Parentheſis from Pain.
The Night is paſt, the Day appears,
The Matin-bell the Reader hears;
To Book and Surplice poſts away,
To buckle Shoes he will not ſtay.
The ſatchel'd Youth to School repair,
Counting each Step that brings 'em there.
By Nine a Group of Boys attends,
Such as my Grammar-Vizier ſends.

— What have you? — *Epictetus*, Sir,
— What? Brother Cripple? come, let's hear,
From him one may be taught to bear.
Begin —— " Not Blows, nor railing Tongue,
" Can ever do the wise Man wrong.
" The Mischief does from *Fancy* rise:
" None suffer but thro' *Prejudice:* Epict. Cap. 27.
——Had he the Gout! my Pains proclaim,
That *Stoicism*'s but a Name.

To *Homer* is my next Resort,
And fighting Heroes make me Sport.
To-day *Patroclus* fell, (foul odds!)
Attack'd by Men, disarm'd by Gods.

To-morrow, Sir (says * *Jack*) you'll hear,
(If not too troublesome) — Ne'er fear ——
Of *Thetis* being to *Vulcan* gone,
To beg new Armour for her Son.
His Wife, not *Venus*, that fair Slattern,
But courteous *Grace*, for Wives fit Pattern,
Receives her with unfeign'd Caresses,
Whilst *Vulcan* washes, shifts, and dresses.
As he approach'd, two Damsels fair,
The Produce of his Forge and Care,

* *Mr* H. *Son.*

Crutches

Crutches of animated Gold,
Their Maker's tott'ring Steps uphold,
If Crutches they, or Damſels were,
Let Criticks as they pleaſe declare:
In this both you and I're agreed,
They're bleſt who neither of 'em need.
At Noon the Youngſters glad retreat,
From Books to Liberty and Meat,
The tuneful Raps on Dreſſer play'd,
Releaſe the Turnſpit and the Maid.
*Ixion* ſo, when *Orpheus* ſings,
Stops to the Muſick of his Strings.
*Molly*, beyond my Merits good,
Brings me at once herſelf and Food.
Bids me to taſte this Soup, that Chick
What! ſtarve for fear of being ſick?
But fix'd to Bed, I let it lie,
Abſtemious thro' Neceſſity.
*Ulyſſes* ſo to Main-maſt bound,
Unmov'd cou'd hear the Siren's ſound.
A Faulchion pendant, (as I've read)
O'er hungry *Damocles*'s Head,
So ſcar'd the Wretch, he cou'd not eat
One Ounce of the luxurious Treat.

I, his Reverſe, my Meal forego,
For fear of Daggers in each *Toe*.
By two, a Paper Medley's brought;
Some coarſe, ſome Pieces finer wrought.
The Dawn of Reaſon here I ſpy:
A Thought in Embryo there does lie.
An unfledg'd Muſe here tempts a Flight,
Flutters, but cannot reach the Height.
But when juſt Thoughts to Numbers join'd,
Like Diamonds poliſh'd, ſtrike my Mind:
Tho' oft I've wiſh'd a ſafe Retreat,
From haughty Heirs untimely great;
I grudge not that my Scenes were croſt,
Nor ſay, my thankleſs Toil's quite loſt.

*Barum.*
From Bed, *Oct.* 1730.

## Second EPISTLE,
## *To the Revd Mr* B. Honycomb.

NOW forty Rounds the glorious Sun,
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt* his Courſe has run.
Since I, on ambling Dun convey'd,
To *Filleigh*'s Lord my Duty pay'd.
Tea done, will you (ſays my good Lord)
A Viſit to the Sick afford?
That Servant ſhews you, where you'll find,
The Gout has Father *Ben* confin'd.
I found my Friend in Pomp was laid,
And ſtranger Gout was welcome made.
Th' enflannel'd Foot I did explore,
And hail'd the earneſt of Fourſcore;
Pleas'd that thy cheerful Voice and Face
No agonizing Pains confeſs;
Serene above thy Spirits flow,
Fin'd by the Lembick in thy Toe.
Cou'd thy Friend's Wiſhes have prevail'd;
Had not the flattering Proſpect fail'd;
E'er this we'ad found thee unconfin'd,
Thy Body free as is thy Mind.

But Gout acquir'd by Art (they ſay)
Does not ſuch courtly Viſits pay.
'Tis eaſier far (as Nurſes tell)
To raiſe a Spirit than to quell.
When factious Heads Diſputes create,
And Luſt of Power divides the State;
Ye Quacks in Politicks, who invite
A Foreign Force to ſet all right;
Pray tell me, when your Work is done,
Who'll bid the Conqueror be gone?
'Tis *Natural* what I endure,
The Cauſe I know, I know the Cure:
As by Repletion it was bred,
It dies of courſe by not being fed.
To ſoften preſent Pain, my Muſe
Of Pleaſure paſt the Scene reviews.
E'en ſtill before my Eyes I have
The Proſpect, which thy Window gave.
The *Grotto* at fit Diſtance plac'd,
Its Front with *artful* Ruins grac'd;
Its gloomy *Arch*, the Muſes Seat,
Or penſive Lovers cool Retreat.
Where liſt'ning Echo does reply
To ev'ry tuneful Note, or Sigh,

Here,

Here, whilſt the Plough purſues its Courſe,
Nor Roots nor Rocks reſiſt its Force:
Sooner it levels ſtubborn Lands,
Than cou'd *Briareus'* hundred Hands.

There Nature's *verdant Carpet's* ſpread,
Young *Groves* here wave their tender Head,
The forward promiſe of a Shade.
Heaven's azure Roof, bright *Phœbus'* Ray,
On the *Canal's* ſmooth Mirror play.
There *hanging Slopes*, with Herbage crown'd,
The fair *enamel'd Plain* ſurround.
Sweet *Landſkip!* —Next, my Muſe, who did,
And how, divert the Invalid?

† The Lady firſt, ſo very good,
She's Virtue cloath'd in Fleſh and Blood.
Pitying She ſmil'd. O! ſuch a Smile
A Rack of Torture wou'd beguile.
Why is not yet, too worthy Maid,
Thy Debt to Love and Hymen paid?

Now *Wit* does with *good Nature* join,
And joyous Talk, and generous Wine,
Our Spirits raiſe, our Mirth refine.

† *The Hon. Mrs* Forteſcue, *Ld* Clinton's *Siſter.*

Sweet

Sweet § *Hal* his kind Aſſiſtance lends,
The beſt of Brothers, and of Friends.
No wonder that——The Twins of Jove,
At *Filleigh*, might be taught to love.
Him *Carſwell* * joins, politely bred,
No leſs in Men than Volumes read:
By Arts and Travels made complete,
To pleaſe and to improve the Great.
The Reverend Paſtor too was come,
Sworn Foe to wooden Shoes and *Rome*.
At Tables I attack the Sage,
Let him not play, who's prone to Rage.
*Sice-cinque* my Throw, one *Man* in haſte,
At once o'er half the Courſe was paſt.
The Wretch that's left (ſays he) I'll keep;
*Sice-ace* prevents his nimble Leap.
Succeeding Moves bar up my way,
So cloſe he marches in Array.
I ſee the inextricable Toil,
His ſix in Rank, and two in File.
Were *Fleury* here, he'd laugh (thought I)
That *Britons* can with *Frenchmen* vie,
No more at Game, than Policy.

§ *Mr* H's *Brother*. * *Vid. Epiſtle to Ld* Clinton.

But

—But huſh—I feel the drowſy God,
My Eyes grow heavy — and I nod——
Dear Friend, no longer *Opiates* try:
Accept the Muſes *Lullaby*.

From eaſy Chair, *Oct.* 1730.

## *From* Martial, Ep. 78. Book iv.

*VARUS* t'other Day ſome Friends did invite,
To ſhare a ſpruce Supper, and ſpend a gay Night.
The Damaſk was ſpread, and the Glaſſes were ſet,
And the Pride all diſplay'd of the gilded Buffet.
At *five*, by Appointment, the Gueſts were all come:
But the Clock had ſtruck *ſix* e'er he *would* be at Home.
Two Hours were ſpun out; not a Soul bid to fetch in
A Flaſk from the Cellar, a Diſh from the Kitchen.
So vain, and ſo ſtingy, old *Varus*! I hate
The Man who would treat me, like *Midas*, with Plate.
We came not to feaſt here, our Eyes, but to eat:
Then away with thy Gew-gaws, or give us ſome Meat.

## To the *CZARINA.*

ILluſtrious *Heroine*, accept the Praiſe,
No venal Muſe to royal Merit pays.
With ſteady Sway who your vaſt Empire guide,
O'er Arts and Arms like *Pallas* who preſide.

Nature, O Virgin Queen, when you were born,
To dignify your Sex, and Power adorn,
For Thee had form'd ſome Hero; but before,
To make Thee perfect, laviſh'd all her Store.
Such our *ELISA* was. O may you ſee
A Reign as long, as glorious as She.

Whilſt haughty Monarchs, with Ambition blind,
Purſue their Conqueſts to enſlave Mankind;
Your Royal Bounty Kingdoms did reſtore,
Which cruel Arms from helpleſs Orphans tore.
Like *Nemeſis* you draw your righteous Sword,
To make reluctant Princes keep their Word.
The generous Cauſe may Victory attend,
And peaceful Olive with your Laurels blend.
Aſſerted by thy Arms whilſt *Cæſar* reigns,
And raviſh'd *Poland* wears not *Gallick* Chains:
Th' admiring World ſhall, to thy Glory, own,
'Tis greater to *ſupport*, than *wear* a Crown.

## *An* EPISTLE *To the Rt Hon. Ld* Clinton, *of* Caſtle-Hill; *on the Death of Mr* Wm Carſwell.

*My Lord,*

FOrgive th' Ambition of an humble Friend,
His tributary Tears with yours to blend.
So ſome ſmall Rivulet is proud to join,
It's nameleſs Waters with the glorious *Rhine*
Brave *Forfar*'s noble Mother will not read,
Her tender Heart unmov'd, that *Carſwell*'s dead.
With well-plac'd Care, who form'd the hopeful Youth,
To gentle Manners, Learning, and to Truth.
Watch'd when the Dawn of Reaſon firſt began,
The forward Promiſe of a finiſh'd Man.
Pleas'd to behold in his lov'd Pupil ſhine,
Th' hereditary Virtues of his Line.
To ſeek his Sire *Ulyſſes*' duteous Son,
From Iſle to Iſle did through th' *Ægean* run.
Sage *Mentor* made *Telemachus* his Care,
His Father's Kingdom's and his Virtue's Heir.
Safe he eſcap'd the Dangers of his Tour,
In Camps, in Courts, and fair *Calypſo*'s Bower.

Such

Such was the Guardian you in *Carſwell* choſe,
(And the Succeſs your happy Judgment ſhows.)
When you, my Lord, thro' *Europe*'s Courts wou'd go,
Their Laws, their Manners, and their Arts to know.
So Bees awhile their waxen Cells forſake,
To diſtant Groves their buſy Journey take;
Each painted Flower and od'rous Plant explore,
And ſafe return'd enrich th' ambroſial Store.
Whilſt you the diff'rent Ills maturely weigh,
Or in *Republicks*, or *deſpotick Sway*,
Pleas'd in *Britannia*'s well-pois'd State you find,
*Prerogative* with *Liberty* is join'd.
Knowledge your End, and all that could adorn,
Your State, and Titles, more than yet you've borne.
In whom the *Patriot* does outſhine by far,
The Staff, the Key, the Garter, and the Star,
With ev'ry Badge of Power, that Fav'rites wear.
Abroad who viſit, ignorant at home,
Can not be ſaid to *travel*, but to roam.
Raw, unfledg'd Things, their Neſt they raſhly quit,
Their Minds *chart blank*, for all Impreſſions fit:
They dreſs—fence—fiddle—ſometimes think of wit.
The Ramble's finiſh'd—but we bluſh to find,
They've left their native Innocence behind.

Whilſt

Whilſt ev'ry Country furniſhes ſome Vice:
*Germany* Drinking: *Gallia* Cards and Dice:
The *Italians* Hate; the *Spaniards* Pride, and *Rome*
Looſe *Atheiſts*, or fierce *Bigots*, ſend them home.
From *Calvin* their weak Heads this Doctrine raiſe,
The Will controll'd, nor Merits blame, nor praiſe.
*Virtue* and *Vice* impute to rigid *Fate*,
Alike the *Mitre* and the *Crown* they hate.

Whom *Carſwell* guides, are to their Country brought,
With uſeful Knowledge and experience fraught.
The learn'd he knew, not to the learn'd unknown;
Each Country to the wiſe Man is his own.
With Foreign Zealots never would engage,
Who want of Argument ſupply with Rage.

Of Travels tir'd, with you he thankful choſe,
The profer'd Comfort of a ſweet Repoſe,
Where eaſy Freedom did the Boon enhance;
Where Nature's ſafeſt Phyſick, Temperance.
Whilſt bounteous Heaven allow'd, ſecur'd his Health,
Wiſdom his ſole Purſuit, he aſk'd not Wealth;
Nor with a *Cynic*'s ſurly Pride diſdain'd;
Happy to *Agur*'s golden *Mean* attain'd.

But I in vain, bleſt Soul! attempt to raiſe,
In feeble Verſe, a Monument of Praiſe.

To

To eternize thy Name, it ſhall be ſaid,
That *Clinton*, great and good, laments his *Carſwell* dead.

## *On the Death of Mr* John Newel, *who dy'd* Nov. 21*ſt*. A. D. 1733, Æt. 81.

WHilſt aged venerable *Newel* lay,
Panting for *Freedom* and *immortal Day*;
Diſſolv'd in Tears his duteous Offſpring ſtood,
Learned as *Nelſon*, and as *Nelſon* good.
The Saint expiring calmly thus reprov'd:
" O dear by *Blood*, more for thy *Virtue* lov'd!
" Let not fond Sorrow thus unman thy Face:
" Theſe Tears thy Father's Triumphs but diſgrace.
" Death is a Privilege to Pain and Years,
" The Object of my *Wiſhes*, not my *Fears*.
" Their Diſſolution let the Guilty dread.
Serene he ſpoke—then dying turn'd his Head.

Martial,

## Martial, *Book* 5. *Ep.* 5. Imitated. *To* Chr. Loveacre, *Eſq;*

YOU aſk, and I own it well worthy your Care,
How I would adviſe you to bring up your Heir.
Can he read? can he write? his Brains ne'er encumber,
With Gerunds and Supines, Grammatical Lumber:
*Orbilius* ne'er ſwitch for falſe Concord his Rump,
Till *Sceptre ſcholaſtick* be worn to a ſtump.
In *Tully*, or *Virgil* ne'er ſquander thy pelf:
Let *Latin* and *Greek* lie worm-eaten on Shelf.
Diſlike not the Boy, when his Mouth he does ope,
If he let not fly out one rhetorical Trope.
Nor ſend him to College from School, when grown bigger,
To learn to chop Logick in Mood and in Figure.
In *Weſtminſter-Hall* let him fight no Law Prizes,
Nor buſtle for Fees and Renown at Aſſizes.
In Rhymes ſhould he dabble, ne'er let him inherit;
But ſcribble for Bread in a Bookſeller's Garret.
Preferment was once the Reward of great Learning,
Court, City, and Country are now more diſcerning;
Trade, Politicks, Buſineſs are grown out of Faſhion;
And Operas now the Concern of the Nation.

Let him learn well to fiddle, or pipe, and to dance,
Of ſome Guelding from *Rome*, or ſome Monkey from *France*:
The Rewards of each Winter will Thouſands advance.
If clumſy or ſtupid he mocks all their Pains,
And has Lead in his Heels, as well as his Brains;
Diſmiſs him from Minuets, Clifts, Diapaſon,
He'll make a Town-Cryer,—at leaſt a Free-Maſon.

## *The Viſiting* Lady.

*Gaylove* is dreſt, ſerene and ſweet the Air:
*Roger* muſt drive her, but ſhe knows not where.
—At *Flippant*'s firſt, next *Lovemore*'s ſet me down,
Laſt at *Picquet*'s—They're all gone out of Town.
—Then to St *James*'s I'll directly go;
To Lady *Courtly* I a viſit owe.
—Yours of laſt *Tueſday* ſhe has not return'd;
Ladies, who don't Punctilio's keep, are ſcorn'd.
Your Debt to Lady *Conſtance* would you pay?
—Hideous! She'll neither ſcandal talk, nor play.
—Or *Townly?* ——No, her Sir's an ill-bred Fool,
Quadrille and Viſits are his Ridicule.
Then She's a Prude, and lives and talks by Rule.
—Madam, determine, —or the Night will come,
—Then *Roger*, drive me any where,—but Home.

Thus

## *To* John D. *Esq*; *at* Trin. Coll. Oxon.

## *An* EPISTLE. 1731

DEar Sir, who wisely dost retreat,
From rural Scenes to Learning's Seat,
To cultivate be still thy Care,
With Arts and Virtue *O—rl—gh*'s Heir.
Whilst Heirs broke loose, with present Store
Of Learning pleas'd, desire no more.
Above Advice, exempt from Rule,
What? must I ever go to School?
Preside o'er Bumpkins, or the Great
Ape with expensive awkward State.
Some few you find, (thank Heaven, but few)
Of this untutour'd headstrong Crew,
A *Medley* of contrariant Vice,
Youth's Fire, and Age's Avarice.
Thou blest in Youth! to whom descend
Thy Father's Fortunes, and his Friend.
His Counsels must successful prove,
Since Truth and Wisdom join with Love.
To latest Age may'st Thou possess
Health uncorrupted by Excess!

At Sixty you will not complain
Of the Gout's ſalutary Pain:
Since Indolence of Body may
To Indolence of Thought betray.

Whene'er a ſmarter Touch denies
(As now) ſweet Slumber to my Eyes,
I ſtrive ſoft Verſes to indite,
Such as our modern Laureats write.

Fain would I ſing, as *Waller* ſings,
How, *where our Navy ſpreads her wings,*
Here *Homage, Peace to all ſhe brings.*
Here *all conſent to love, or fear,*
*Where'er our Admirals appear.*

Sometimes by roving Fancy led,
I to *Change-Alley* am convey'd.
Oh! that I could, like *Swift*, deſcribe
The Lottery, or Stock-jobbing Tribe.
" Slow are the Profits now of Trade;
" Come *Nykin*, we'll at once be made.
" Thy Grandeur is my Soul's Deſire,
" If we can't purchaſe——we may hire.
" Faint-hearted Fools, for preſent Pay,
" Lend out their *Horſes* * by the Day.

* *Some, who had Tickets in the State Lottery for this Year, us'd to lend them out at ſo much a Day: theſe hir'd Tickets were call'd Horſes in the Cant of thoſe Times.*

'My Wedding-Ring and Suit I'll pawn;
'Who knows? — the Thouſands a'n't all drawn.

The Scene to *Britain*'s Court is chang'd,
I ſee the Nation's *Hopes* all rang'd.
Whilſt from the Throne the *Royal Pair*,
Welcome th' *Illuſtrious Foreigner*.
*Clermont* with *Euſton* vies, which beſt
Shall entertain the Hero Gueſt.
When Fate to Empire makes his way;
His Grandfire's great Example may
Inſtruct him how the *Turk* to beat;
But *Britiſh Stateſmen* how to treat.

*Themes!* lofty *Themes!* I did propoſe,
Worthy of Verſe, too great for Proſe.
Falſe *Girard*, thou chaſtis'd had'ſt been;
Ungrateful Cits had felt my Spleen,
Who, ſav'd by Great *Naſſau*, deny'd
Room for his Statue in *Cheapſide*.
By me that *Hero* ſhould be prais'd,
And high in Song immortal rais'd.
But ah! I muſt the Taſk refuſe;
For who can ſing without a Muſe?

## *Second* EPISTLE *to* John D. *Esq*;

THE Muse's Aid from night till morn,
I courted. ——She reply'd with Scorn,
Well I remember, tho' the Sun
His Course thro' all the Signs has run.
How you in Gout and Flannel laid,
Implor'd my undeserved Aid.
Pitying thy heavy Head and Feet,
I help'd thee then thy Friends to greet:
Indited for thee two long Letters,
To make thy Rev'rence to thy *Betters*. †
For Verse too lazy you, without
The needful Torture of the Gout,
(As if your Brains, like Clock-work, go
By the meer Force of Weight below,)
From Pain releas'd, deserted us,
And *Dun* prefer'd to *Pegasus*.
But oh! how was I pleas'd to see,
Without the help of Pain, or Me,
How thou did'st Penance in an Ode, §
For Disrespect to Journal shew'd.
Thy next Attempt on *Latin* Song; ‖
Then, on *Apollo*'s Fav'rite *Y—ge*. * Ill-

† *Kid.* p. 17. § *A* Latin *and* English *Ode on tearing* B's *Journal*, *vid* .p. 67. ‖ *vid.* p. 119. * *An extempore Translation of* Bouts Rimez, *said to have been wrote by the Hon.* Sir W. Y, *vid.* p. 12 *of Latin Poems*

Ill-natur'd Criticks might have found,
For happy Flights thou wert too ſound.
But now thou'rt caught——And now again
Thou want'ſt the Muſe's Anodyne.
If you muſt ake—or write—leave Rhyme,
At Fifty Seven ſure 'tis time.
A Whetſtone be to younger Brains:
Let growing Poets thank your Pains.
Content yourſelf with humble Proſe;
Plain Doctrine for your Flock compoſe.
If you'll tranſlate——don't do it ſo,
The Author his own Works can't know.
Prove againſt *Woolſton*'s impious Squabbles,
That Miracles are Facts, not Fables:
Credentials ſo abſolute,
None in his Senſes wou'd diſpute.
Guard againſt *B—m—n*, that falſe Brother,
Who preaches one Way, looks another.
Seeks for Preferment in the Church,
By leaving Biſhops in the Lurch.
Grants, that the Sacred Order ſtands
Appointed by Divine Commands:
But Precepts *poſitive* may ceaſe,
As Times ſhall change, and Rulers pleaſe.

Hence

Hence mark the dangerous Inference;
For if *Convenience* may diſpenſe
With *Right Divine*, *Convenience* may,
By the ſame Rule, take *Tithes* away.
Shew the *Free-thinker* next, with **M—dge*,
The *Libertine*'s the greateſt Drudge.
If, like a Savage, he gives way
To his own Luſt's impetuous Sway;
Or, boaſting Freedom, lives by Rule,
Leſt the wiſe think him mad, or Fool.
His Slavery is ſtill the ſame;
Slave to his Paſſions, or to Fame.
Thus ſpake the Sibyl Muſe, and fled,
With grateful Nod I dropt my Head.

*NOVEMBER* 1731.

* *That Gent. has handſomely handled this Subject in his Sermon preach'd in St* Peter's, Exon.

## *The* Choice.

FOOLS ready made, Coquets for Husbands take;
Whilſt haughty Prudes Fools of their Husbands make.
Chuſe which you pleaſe; let her, you fancy, rule;
Huſband's the Title; but the Thing is Fool.

*On*

ON

## *Mr.* Pope's *Tranſlation of* Homer.

ASk'd by my Friend, * how in his *Engliſh* Dreſs
I *Homer* like, my Praiſe I thus expreſs.
As Souls from Bodies free'd the Change ſurvive,
His Spirit does in this Tranſlation live.
So well our *Britiſh* Heroines are taught
By their *own* Poet, how the *Grecian* thought,
How lov'd his Heroes, and how bravely fought:
Had *Pope* and *Homer* Countries chang'd and Date;
So *Pope* had writ; ſo *Homer* would tranſlate.

* *The Queſtion was aſk'd ſeveral Years ſince by Dr.* J. F. *one of the fineſt Scholars, and ableſt Phyſicians of the Age.*

## Martial's *Ep.* 9. *Book* 1. *Tranſlated.*

YOU *Cato*'s Rules and *Thraſeas*' follow, ſo
As not your Life or Safety to forgoe:
Not madly ruſh unarm'd on Swords and Spears,
In this the Wiſdom of my Friend appears.
If Blood to Fame immortal be the Way;
Cowards diſtreſt will that cheap Purchaſe pay.
The Name of *Hero* him alone I give,
Who, loaded with the Ills of Life, dares live.

The

# The Power of Love.

—— *Magnis tamen excidit ausis.* Ov. Met.

I.

THE Gods and Goddeſſes of old,
Fair Mortals oft careſt;
No Mortal, but *Ixion* bold,
Thoſe Powers with Love addreſt:

II.

*C—te* ſhould have learn'd from his ſad Fate,
More humbly to aſpire:
And not attempt the ſacred Gate,
Where, *Anna*, you retire.

III.

Worthy of Empire! Royal Maid!
Yet not ſo high as fair!
Sure 'twas Devotion he'd have paid:
His Billet was a Prayer.

IV.

Since your reſiſtleſs Beauty ſo
Tranſports the frantick Swain:
The Fault may well its Pardon owe
To Pity, or Diſdain.

V.

If he muſt ſuffer; let him live:
Death wou'd be leſs ſevere.
Beauty no greater Pain can give,
Than Love, and ſad Deſpair.

OR-

# ORLIDES.

## Carmen Natale. 3 *Kal. Dec. A. D.* 1732.

### *Viro doctiſſimo.* B. W. *dicatum.*

AMice dulcis, carminis Fautor mei;
Dum *Camus* unda labitur leni, Domus
*Cajique* floret Literis, amabilis
Dicende Alumnus, et pius Matri tuæ;
Hanc candidus, quam poſtulas, Cœnam cape;
Paravit etſi nec Poeta, nec Cocus.

## *A POEM*

### *On the Birth-Day of* J. D. *Eſq;* 29*th of* Nov. A. D. 1732.

### *The Tranſlation addreſs'd by a young Gentleman.* To CLELIA.

## *Carmen amœbæum.*

PODARGUS. PAMPHILUS.

*Po.* ORlidæ, ut juvit te, *Pamphile*, Cœna benigne?
Nam celebrare diem Natalem dictus es illic,
Bis denis prius exactis. ——— ———

*Pa.* ——— ——— ——— Lautiſſima ſane.
Vina, dapes, et ligna focis ſolventia frigus;
Et ſine felle joci, riſus, et gaudia paſſim.
Hoſpitis acceſſere boni ſuper omnia vultus.

*Po.* Hæc quoniam, ſenio indulgens metuenſque viarum,
Non egomet vidi; narret facundia præſens;
Ni grave ſit. ——— ———

*Pa.* ——Quin tu, quoniam vacat et libet, audi.
Namque venator uti per ſaxa, per aſpera dumis
Sectatus leporem, aut ſurgentem in retia cervum.

# A DIALOGUE:

## PODARGUS *and* PAMPHILUS.

*Po.* HOW lik'd my Friend *Orlides'* Feaſt?
For you were there, a Birth-day Gueſt.

*Pa.* The whole was, like himſelf, complete.
Generous Wines, delicious Meat:
Billets high heap'd on Billets lay,
And made *November* warm as *May*.
Good Humour, Wit, and Joys abound,
Our welcome in his Looks we found.

*Po.* Myſelf, you know, takes care of me,
Riding and Age don't well agree.
I did not, as I ought, appear,
But what I ſaw not, fain wou'd hear:
If not too troubleſome. ———

*Pa.* ———No trouble.
Repeating makes the Pleaſure double.
The Sportſman, who with Hound and Horn
Purſues the Game from earlieſt Morn,
O'er craggy Rocks, or verdant Plains,
Or Thickets his breath'd Courſer ſtrains.

When

Nocte domi dulces gaudet recitare Labores ;
*Orlidæ* ſic cœna boni repetita placebit.

Acrem lenibas ſtomachum *Jus*, carne ita factum,
Ex varia, ſapor ut ſimplex duntaxat et unus
Eſſet ; conditum modico Sale : Cæpa, Piperque
Additur integrum, ut melius : nam tundier (aiunt)
Lex operis vetat, et ſectas huic incoquere herbas :
Illi ne accedat, quod meſſorum ilia ructant.

Damarum coſtis perfecta, atque aſpera ſignis
Nidores ſparſit gratos Artocrea. Clunes
Aſſantur pulchre ; Simplex quarum altera, Lardo
Altera adoptivo pinguis. Bini Lepores hinc :
——————
Illinc Perdices : et juxta Phaſidis ales
Languentem invitant Stomachum dubiumque. Columbæ,
Quas tamen haud poteras primo dignoſcere morſu.

Uſque

When weary'd he returns, at Night,
The toilſome Pleaſure does recite.

*Imprimis* then, keen Hunger's Rage
With ſavoury Soup we did aſſwage.
One was the Taſte, tho' mix'd the Juice,
Of various Fleſh the rich Produce.
Here picquant Onion was infus'd,
With Salt, and Pepper, but unbruis'd;
For pound it, and the Work were ſpoil'd:
Or in it ſhou'd chopt Herbs be boil'd;
Porrage inſtead of Soup you'd make,
Such coarſe Repaſt as Plowmen take.

A Paſty there with Ven'ſon ſtor'd,
Its grateful Steams ſent round the Board.
Two roaſted Haunches here were plac'd,
This plain, with Lard the other grac'd.
Two Lev'rets there to freſh Delight
The Stomach now grown nice invite.
Here Patridge plump as ever flew,
The Phaſian Bird of lovely hue.
Pidgeons in Maſquerade appear,
Pidgeons, I think, but wou'd not ſwear.

So

Uſque adeo Natura latet varia arte Cocorum.

*Po.* Arti nulla fides: nimium ne crede Culinæ,
Eſt ut Lora vores tua luſus, ſi volet ars et
Ira. Cibum laudo variatum, Simplice veſcor.
Quin age: queis fuerit te cum bene, Scire laboro.

*Pa.* Nullum *Marcello* memorem prius. Ille ſenatu
Pleno jura Togæ ſacræ tutarier auſus.
Qui præponit equis doctorum Scripta virorum;
Hæres præclaræque Rei, laudiſque Paternæ.

Hic Portumnus adeſt, ſecurus cælibe vitæ;
Iracundior hic: ſed Amicis certus amicus.
Pro Patria gnavus, quicquid venale ſit, odit.

Et bonus et ſapiens *Mentor*, Cuſtodia fida
Pupillis, conviva venit cum Conjuge; cui tu
*Penelopen* non prætuleris patientis *Ulyſei*.

Huc

So well the Cook had play'd her part,
That Nature was diſguis'd with Art.
*Po.* Art is deceitful, Cookery vain,
Made Diſhes praiſe; but feed on plain.
If the Cook's Rage and Art combine,
You may on your own Bridle dine. *
Now tell me, *Pamphilus*, each Gueſt,
Whoſe Preſence grac'd this friendly Feaſt.
*Pa.* The good *Marcellus* firſt I name,
His Merit does that Honour claim.
When he aſſerts the Clergy's Cauſe,
The Senate liſtens with Applauſe.
Books, not fine Horſes, are his Care,
His Father's Wealth and Virtue's Heir.
*Portumnus* the next Place poſſeſt,
Strict Honour fills his manly Breaſt.
Of Love regardleſs; rough as Winds:
Yet kind and faithful to his Friends.
Stern Patriot, above a Bribe;
He hates the *Mercenary Tribe.*
*Mentor* to Orphans ſureſt Friend,
And his fair Spouſe this Feaſt attend.
Dull were his Choice, who wou'd prefer
The fam'd *Penelope* to her,

* *Vid. Bridle-Pye, p. 1. of the Latin Poems.*

Huc cum *Fratre* tulit ſe *Clelia* veſte decora
Barbarica, et lucens pretioſis undique gemmis
Sed gemmas oculis ſuperat, quas induit, omnes,
Quantum inter ſtellas præfulget Luna minores.

Proles digna !— Patri dedit Hic, dabit Illa nepotes.

Ipſe aderat Genitor, ſpoliis ornatus opimis,
Quæ toties Victor navali Marte reportat.

Venerat huc Patriæ ſtirpis ſpes una *Sebaſti:*
Ore verecundus, lautoque inſignis amictu;
Proximus *Orlidæ* munus natale daturus.

Quadrigis properat, pulchra quem prole beatum
Pulchra *Maria* facit, *Larneſtus.* Bella ſenectus
*Villetti* ſimul his: Cœlebs et dives, amicus
*Larneſto*, quem ſpe; Sed ne ſpe paſcat inani.

Accumbit

O! *Clelia*, how can I expreſs
Thy lovely Form, thy graceful Dreſs!
The glitt'ring Gems, that round thee ſhone;
But by thy brighter Eyes outdone,
As twinkling Stars are by the Moon!

Thy Brother's ſmiling Branches ſhow,
What you your gen'rous Father owe.
Delay not to improve his Joys,
By a fair Train of Girls and Boys.

Chearful he looks, adorn'd with Spoils,
The glorious Fruit of warlike Toils.

*Sebaſtus* did the Banquet grace,
Sole Hope of his good Father's Race,
Dreſt like a Bridegroom; when he ſpeaks,
Vermilion paints his downy Cheeks.
Himſelf, when twice twelve Moons are told,
Will ſuch another Birth-day hold.

*Larneſtus* with his fruitful Dear
Conduct the rich *Villetto* there.
The Batchelor is old; but gay,
And bloſſoms even in Decay.
Swears he'll adopt *Larneſtus'* Son,
May he not play the ſly Volpone!

Accumbit *Momus*, pariterque *Colinus*, uterque,

Sive jocis petitur, vel cum petit ipſe, facetus.

*Po.* Convivas hilares narras, Convivia pulchra.

*Pa:* Exigui numero; ſed mentis vivida virtus,

(Dixiſſes) Iter et Rus pulmentaria nobis

Dat meliora Cocis---

---Sed nos quota portio Turbæ?

Nempe Salutatum fidi acceſſere Clientes,

Inque novi Dominos agnoſcunt ore priores.

Ferculæ, quæ audiſti, grandis pars quantula Cœnæ!

Altilis Anſer: Anas fluvialis. ———

*Po.* ——— ——— ——— Parcius iſtis,

Utendum ut craſſis: aderunt ni fortia Vina.

*Pa.* Perna *Suis* tardæ peregrina glande recocta.

Ponitur,

*Colinus* did in Scarf appear,
And *Momus* fill'd the vacant Chair.
Facetious both, or when they joke,
Or Wit in others do provoke.

*Po.* Good Company, my Friend, you met;
Coſtly and elegant the Treat.

*Pa.* Believe me, we were ſmart at Work,
And nimbly play'd the Knife and Fork.
*Arnaud* and *Lyons* § can't compare,
For Sawce, with trotting Nag and Air.

Our Company (you'd ſay) was ſmall
Compar'd with that, which fill'd the Hall.
Each chearful Tenant—and his Dame,
To greet their bounteous Landlord came:
Pleas'd to behold in his lov'd Face,
The dear Reſemblance of his Race.

I did not half the Diſhes name,
Which ſmoaking to the Table came.
Wild Duck, and Teal, and fatted Gooſe—

*Po.* With theſe a Dram I'd ever chuſe.

*Pa.* Weſtphalia Gammon, ſav'ry Food,
With Savoy Cole ſurrounded ſtood.



§ *The two head Cooks at Court.*

Ponitur, huic ſuccos acres emolliit ales
Extrema Nomadum de gente: domeſtica pingues
Cors Pullos dedit: elixis non oſtrea deſunt.
Omnia quæ expediit variorum docta ſaporum
Fœmina, cœnarum ſibi quæ recte arroget artem.

*Po.* Ohe! jam ſatis eſt —— ——

*Pa.* —— —— Patinam Domini tamen annos
Æquantem paribus pudeat reticere Placentis.

Ordine multiplici ut ſurgunt *Bellaria* in altum
Suſpicit attonitus, jam pleno ventre, *Colinus.*

" Barbara Pyramidum ſileat miracula Memphis:
" Dulcior hic nam ſurgit (ait.) Sic Pelio Oſſam
" Impoſuere ſati Terra. —— ——
—— Sic ſi itur ad aſtra,
Scande, (refert *Momus*) — Subriſit *Clelia*; at ille,
Ride ſi ſapias, inquit, lepidiſſima Virgo;

Non

To blunt it's acrimonious Taſte,
Cram'd Pullets, nicely boil'd, were plac'd.
And a fat Hen from *Africk*'s Shore;
With Oyſters ſtew'd well cover'd o'er.
She, who prepar'd all this, the Name
Of niceſt Cook may juſtly claim.

*Po.* Enough to cram a Corporation!

*Pa.* One Diſh, adapted to th' Occaſion,
There Miſdemeanour to forget,
In it Mince-pies thrice ſeven were ſet.
O! who the rich *Deſert* can praiſe?
The lofty Theme's above my Lays.
*Colin*, who buſy had not ſpoke,
At ſight of this thus ſilence broke:
" No more let *Memphis* her old ſtructures Prize;
" For here a ſweeter Pyramid does riſe.
" The Sons of Earth, when they did Heaven invade,
" The Mountain *Oſſa* thus on *Pelion* laid.
If thus to Heaven a Man may climb;
Begin (quoth *Momus*)—now's the Time.
Here *Clelia* ſmil'd—Nay, charming Maid,
Laugh, but not eat, (rough *Momus* ſaid.)

Non ede. Corrumpunt niveos Bellaria dentes.

Oxygala exhaurit vitro bis terque madeſcit
Extremum huic roſtrum ſpumante lacte—*Colinus*,
" Ergo ne tu curvo ſuſpendes omnia naſo? "
Cui *Momus*, " Naſum heus bone! non Dii cuique dedere. "

Interea nullum, quot dives mittit *Iberus*,
Vinorum ceſſat genus, aut quot Gallia noſtra
Permutat Lana. Lana eſt pretioſior auro.
Quod ſi forte Merum cui non arrideat; illi
Pocula miſcentur mira feliciter arte.
Acri Dulce modum ponit, dum Debile Forti
Vim minuit; quadruplexque coit Diſcordia concors.

*Po.* Verum ubi dormiſtis? nam vix eſt Lectulus (aiunt)
Tertius hoſpitibus. —— ——

*Pa.* —— Pauci ſua tecta redibant.
Inter equos famuli recubant ſub tegmine fœni.
Aſt alii ante focum ſtertunt, cathedriſque ſupini.

Nos hilares noctem et calidi florente juventa
Ducimus inſomnem ludo, feſtiſque choreis.

Leſt you ſhould find how e'er delicious,
Sweet-meats to thoſe white Teeth pernicious.

Three frothy Syllibubs he quaff't,
And cream'd his Beak—*Colinus* laught;
" You're noſy, *Mome*, where e'er you ſit—"
" Some would be glad of Noſe, or Wit."

Mean while aſſiduous *George* attends
With choiceſt Wines *Iberia* ſends,
Or *France*; to *Britiſh* Cullies ſold
For Wool, more precious than their Gold.
If ſimple Wines you ſhould refuſe;
In China Bowls a compound Juice,
The Weak, the Strong, the Sharp, the Sweet,
Diſcordant in juſt Concord meet.

*Po.* But ſay, my Friend, how lodg'd you there?
Young Batch'lors have few Beds to ſpare.

*Pa.* The Neighbours to their Homes withdraw.
The weary Grooms to wholeſome Straw.
Some near the Fire extended fry,
In elbow Chairs ſome ſnoring lie.

But we more youthy, ſcorning Sleep,
All Night with Play and Dance the Revel keep.

## *The* BOWL.

SUCH was the ſparkling Wine, and ſuch the Bowl,
With which ſage *Neſtor* chear'd his manly Soul;
His Courage height'ned, and inſpir'd his Thought;
He counſel'd wiſely, and as bravely fought.
" In this let dear *Orlides'* Health go round,
So *Mentor* ſaid, and drank. *Orlides* all reſound.
† Not *Bitias*, when he pledg'd his *Queen*, could boaſt,
So large a Goblet, or a lovelier Toaſt.
Scarce was thy reconciling Cup ſo fine,
§ O *Vulcan*, tho' enchas'd by Hands divine.
Its ſpacious Size, its curious Figures prove,
At once the Donour's Elegance, and Love.
Oft as it circled, in this Wiſh we join'd,
Such *Guardians* ever may ſuch *Orphans* find.

† *Queen* Dido. *Virg. Æn.* 1. § *Hom. Il.* 1.

## *The* Dry JOKE.

GOD *Bacchus* well warm'd,
With Beauty was charm'd;
And *Cupid*'s bright Mother addreſt,
She cry'd, you are ſilly——
I hate you — nor will I
Be thus by a Toper careſt.

Thus

Thus ſlighted the God,
With an angry Nod,
Said, Adieu to you, Madam—in vain
You'll try to allure me:
Your Pride ſhall ſecure me,
From Courting coy Beauty again.

What *Bacchus* then ſpoke,
She hop'd was in joke:
And again Wine and Love wou'd agree.
But he, as malicious
As ſhe was capricious,
Her Error ſoon made her to ſee.

For Nymphs ſweet as *May*,
All met at a Play;
Where each was as fine as a Queen.
In each lovely Creature,
Art yielded to Nature;
Tho' deck'd all in Jewels are ſeen.

*Apollo* was there,
To charm e'ery ear;
But (what a mild Dove wou'd provoke.)
The Beaus who appear'd on
The Stage, ſlily lear'd on;
And left the fair Circle to choke.

Now *Venus* in vain,
Does to *Bacchus* complain,
That Beauty was dying with thirſt.
The God reply'd, ſmiling,
Her Coyneſs reviling——
Why did you provoke me then firſt?

O ye Ladies, beware,
Be as kind as you're fair;
Nor requite your fond Slaves with diſdain.
A Lover defeated,
With vengeance is hated;
And Miſchief ſtill runs in his Brain.

## *The* Barnſtaple *Conſort.*

*Venter non habet aures.*

*AMphion*, we're told
By the Poets of old,
Cou'd thrum on his Harp a ſweet Ditty;
So ſweet, that the Stones,
Danc'd a Galliard at once,
And ſettled in form of a City.

But, ye Muſical Sirs,
Not a Man of us ſtirs;
Tho' *Purcel* you play, and *Corelli.*
If you'd pleaſe, you muſt treat
With much Drink, and good Meat;
And ſo touch our Hearts thro' our Bellies.

## *Part of* Hor. Ode iii. B. I. *imitated. By the Tranſlator of* Orlides.

FAIR *Cyprian* Goddeſs, Queen of Love,
Sweet offspring of the foamy Deep;
And you, the ſhining Twins of *Jove*,
Who from mad ſtorms your fav'rites keep.

The Wind's great Ruler, at whoſe Will
They roar, or in ſoft Murmurs ſigh;
Now Sea and Earth with Tempeſts fill,
Now huſh'd in rocky Caverns lie:

*Nereus*, with all the Nymphs, protect
The Ship, in which *Orlides* ſails:
To *Gallia*'s Shores her Courſe direct,
Her Canvaſs fill'd with proſp'rous Gales.

Let him be your peculiar Care;
With him my better half is gone:
For him I hope, for him I fear;
His Joys, his Dangers, are my own.

His Heart was hard as Oak or Steel,
Who vent'rous from his native Shore,
Firſt launch'd the crazy Veſſel's Keel,
The Sea's rough Boſom to explore.

The

The Man, who Shipwrecks can ſurvey,
Nor tremble at the diſmal ſight,
The Storms, the Monſters of the Sea;
What ghaſtly ſhapes of Death can fright!

*News from* VIENNA:

WHEN good *Æneas* from his native Shore,
*Troy*'s dear Remains for promis'd *Latium* bore;
*Juno*, *Jove*'s bitter Shrew and haughty Queen,
(Nor Fire, nor Exile cou'd abate her Spleen)
Reſolves, againſt reſiſtleſs Fate's Decree,
Her *Carthage* ſhou'd the World's great Miſtreſs be.
Heav'n to her Schemes averſe, to Hell ſhe goes,
Call'd forth by Magick Spells *Alecto* roſe.
" The hated Race at laſt has croſt the Main,
" I purchas'd Storms, and *Dido* ſigh'd in vain.
" If he muſt have *Latinus*' Royal Maid,
" Make him thro' Blood to Love and Empire wade.
Thus furious *Juno* ſpoke.—The Fiend was joy'd,
To be by ſpite beyond her own employ'd.
So Royal *L——s* conjures up the *Turk*,
To do Ambition's and the Devil's Work.
*Hali* to *Mahomet* wou'd reconcile,
Knew thoſe Impoſtors why, in Hell they'd ſmile.
Think, *Europe*'s Phaeton, think ---- your ſelf muſt grant,
If this be *Chriſtian*, *Belzebub*'s a Saint.

# *An* EPISTLE *To* SENEX, *againſt* Satire.

——*In Satira nimis acer*, HOR.

ENough, my Friend, your Muſe's Power is ſeen;
Smooth, when ſhe praiſes; when chaſtizes, keen.
In both alike unhappy you are found;
Your Praiſe is envy'd; but your Satires wound.
Stateſman, or Prelate be your Theme, or Prince;
Malice perverts your Lays.—All Coxcombs winch.
If one be touch'd: each thinks his Turn comes next.
Diſturb one Waſp, and the whole Swarm is vext.
Oft have I ſeen *Taw*'s ſlimy Banks all full
Of Godwit, Wheaker, Sanderlin, and Gull.
Cloſe to the Mark the wary Sportſman crawls:
Tho' to his Skill one hapleſs Victim falls;
All take th' Alarm. The frighted Legions riſe;
With clutt'ring Noiſe reſound the vaulted Skies.
What Nature gave not, Fancy can diſpenſe;
Ladies are Beauties all; all Men have Senſe.
Why ſhou'd ill-natur'd Wit attempt to move
The pleaſing Error, which both Sexes love?
As from fantaſtick Ills, imagin'd Woe,
To ſelf-Tormentors real Troubles flow:

So from Opinion riſes Happineſs,
The Good, each thinks he has, he does poſſeſs.
Shou'd a crackt Templar, who did never look
In learned *Bracton*, *Forteſcue*, or *Coke*:
Full twenty Terms, much oft'ner did reſort,
To Plays and coſtly Conſorts, than to Court:
His Fortune ſpent, in his diſtemper'd Brain
Act o'er the viſionary Scene again:
" O Sweet diſtreſs! (ſhou'd cry) " O fate of Kings!
" How *Oldfield* acts! Gods! how *Cuzzoni* ſings!
Now laugh, now clap— " That's witty—O that's fine!
And beating Time the fancy'd Chorus join.
Tyrant of *Bedlam*, let thy Art alone;
His grateful Phrenſy cur'd, the Man's undone.
How many Evils does *Miſtake* relieve!
Whether Men others, or themſelves deceive.
How many, who for wiſe, or honeſt go,
Do to *Miſtake* their Reputation owe!
Courtiers diſplac'd for Patriots declare;
Manage in *Caleb's* Name the Paper war.
Let the Deluſion circle; give it Room,——
Why you and I may paſs for Wits with ſome.
Poets and Painters are in this alike,
Who flatters beſt, does moſt the Fancy ſtrike.

Then take the Hint, and draw each Character,
As all affect to be; not as they are.
Seeſt thou! or is't too far! yon puny Wight,
Seems to himſelf of *Brobdignagian* Height:
Struts, cocks, looks big---you'd almoſt ſwear he'd fight.
Indulgent be to all and complaiſant,
Let *Henly* be an Orator and Saint.
In Splendor let *Change-Alley Phidon* live;
And *B——n* what he preach'd for truth receive.
*Coſmelia* without Paint be young and fair;
*Rufa* without Lead-combs have auburn Hair.
If you muſt write —— ſome Counſel I'll impart,
The Skill of giving is no vulgar Art.
Small Thanks attend on a ſuperfluous Gift.
Fables to *Gay?* Satires to *Pope* or *Swift?*
Who Verſes writes to his Poetick Friends,
To *Handel* Muſick, Flowers to *Miller* ſends?
Of Theme, or Patron an unlucky Choice,
Defeats the Poet, and the Work deſtroys.
His happy Vein, his Skill in Law, his Tongue,
With ſweeteſt Accents, ſoft Perſuaſion hung,
To *Polydore* himſelf muſt not be ſung.
The modeſt Patron, by his Merit rais'd,
Stifles the Verſe, in which his Merit's prais'd.

Much

Much better wou'd you pleaſe, could you rehearſe
His bulky Rent-roll, meaſure Land, not Verſe.
The *Threſher's* Labour, if diſcreetly lay'd,
The *Threſher's* Labour ſhall be nobly paid.
From *Duck* and *Cibber* I this Rule advance,
Poets, like Gameſters, now thrive moſt by chance.
*Duck's* happy Genius, unimprov'd by Schools,
Richly ſupply'd the Want of labour'd Rules.
But ſtill alternate had he threſh'd and writ;
Had not learn'd *Macclesfield* reliev'd the Wit.
Patron of Arts, and Oracle of Law,
He Nature's Poet in the Peaſant ſaw.
Whom from the Threſhing-floor to Court he drew,
The Muſe's Fav'rite, and Rewarder too.
And *Cibber* owes the Laurel to the Duke,
Who for a *Horace Roſcius* miſtook.
Were I thy Rival, and were I to chuſe;
Give me their Patrons, and keep thou thy Muſe.

COMMODUS.

*Spoke to Mrs* E. N. *coming from her Toilet to receive a Viſit.*

WHAT needleſs Pains *Eliſa* takes,
Freſh Conqueſts to purſue!
My wounded Heart already akes;
What more wou'd Beauty do?

——*Simillima proles*
*Indiſcreta ſuis gratuſque parentibus error.* Virg.

Filia, necte roſas, Pater inquit Nobilis, *Annam*
Appellans: ridens dulce, *Maria* facit.

*In* Engliſh.

Make me a Noſegay, *Nancy*, *Granville* ſaid:
*Maria* curtſy'd, and with Smiles obey'd.

I.

WHEN *Granville* did her *Anna* bear,
In the ſweet Babe combin'd,
What Nature in the Noble Pair,
Moſt exquiſite cou'd find.

II.

The *Graces*, pleas'd, the Girl ſurvey'd,
With *Venus*, Queen of Love;
Confeſs'd its Beauties—yet (they ſaid)
The Second we'll improve.

III.

Now charming *Granville* teems again;
Let us complete the Child:
And She the Queen of Hearts ſhall reign—
At this *Lucina* ſmil'd.

IV.

" Review the Gift, Heav'n firſt did ſend,
" What can your Powers do more?
" The Work your Goddeſs-ſhips can't mend;
" Then—if you're wiſe,—*encore*.

*Chartula non meruit tam pretioſa mori.* Mart.

INdicam accendet tibi torris herbam
Suavius flamma, *Neoville*, chartæ,
*Cottylus* quali dominam ſalutat
*Phyllida* blandus.

Rure ſi viſes veterem Sodalem,
Tu catus nullum rapias in uſum
Scripta, quæ ſervat relegenda ſæpe
Tortile Filum.

Continent nempe Hiſtorias dolendas:
Pauperum ſive artificum querelas,
*Gallicas* Lanam quoties ad Oras
Mittit *Ierne*.

Sive Latrones facibus minaces:
Sive frendentes *Socios*, *Iberi*
Debitum quando mora pertinacis
Diſtinet *Aurum*.

Æmuli vel quid meditentur armis
Principes; Sceptro Hic metuens paterno;
*Ille* promiſſis inhians: utrumque
*Italus* odit.

Quin equis illinc medicinam anhelis
Unde emas, diſcas: pretioque quanto
Nunc genis pallens rubeat; capillis
*Rufa* nigreſcat.

*I have ſeen a* MS *which reads the firſt Stanza thus; and indeed more apropos to the Occaſion of impoſing the* Ode.

Rectius tu poſteriora terges,
*Craſſa* ſi detur tibi charta, quam ſi
*Cottylus* quali Dominam ſalutat
*Phyllida* blandus.

# *The* PENANCE ODE *tranſlated.*

WRITE on gilt Paper Billet-deux:
Reſpect will Favour win.
To light your Pipe, no Paper uſe;
A Coal beſt ſtops it in.

II.

When e'er you viſit joyous Friend,
To breathe ſweet Country Air;
On no Occaſion, with raſh Hand,
*Gazette* or *Journal* tear.

III.

From thence he learns diſaſt'rous Tales,
With which each Page is full;
How *Britiſh* Manufacture fails,
Whilſt *France* buys *Iriſh* Wool.

IV.

How bold Incendiaries gain,
Great Sums by impious Threat.
Delays of Arbitrary *Spain*,
Make plunder'd Merchants fret.

V.

Letters from *Florence* ſay, what Wrath
The Luſt of Power creates
'Twixt rival Princes; and how both
The wiſe *Italian* hates.

VI.

Who beſt can cure * old wheezing Pad,
You thence may learn; and where
Freſh Cheeks for *Chloris* may be had;
For *Rufa* auburn Hair.

*EPI-*

* *By the Advertiſement of* GIBSON's *Horſe-Balls.*

# *EPITHALAMIA.*

## *The* MATCH.

BRIGHT *Venus*, in her *Paphian* Grove,
Sat penſive with the GOD of LOVE;
Mingling ſoft Smiles with chryſtal Tears,
As *Sol* thro' *April* Showers appears.
My Boy, ſaid ſhe, by whom I reign,
(For Beauty without Love is vain)
'Tis thy Mamma's unhappy Fate,
Her greateſt Fav'rites prove ungrate.
You know the fair *Danmonian* Dame?
*C.* The rich *Eliſa*? *V.* Yes; the ſame.
In Bloom of Youth, in Beauty's Pride,
I made her good *Sebaſto*'s Bride.
My magick *Ceſtus* did impart,
To fix her Empire o'er his Heart.
Each was the other's ſole Delight:
Peace crown'd the Day, and Joy the Night.
How ſhort all human Pleaſures are!
Death ſoon divorc'd the happy Pair.

The

The mourning Coach, the ſable Weed,
Proclaim to all *Sebaſtio*'s dead.
The 'Scutcheons o'er the Gate declare,
Here lives a wealthy Dowager.

The Pomp of Sorrow I allow:
But twice Six Months is ſure enough.
Who earlieſt tie the ſecond Knot,
Beſt ſhew the firſt they've not forgot.
But now ten times the glorious Sun
Thro' all the Signs his Courſe has run:
Yet in her widow'd Bed ſhe lies,
And all the Powers of Love defies.
A Widow, wealthy, fair, and young,
So bleſt in Love! To ſtay ſo long!
To us, to *Hymen*, 'tis foul wrong.

Arm! and aſſert, my deareſt Son,
Thy Mamma's Empire, and thy own.
Not one ſure Arrow can'ſt thou find?
Is ſhe all Ice? or dull Mankind?

*C.* I have whole Regiments in pay,
Hungry, and watchful for the Prey;
Of *Iriſh* Sharpers, and *Scotch* Peers,
Tall, Lace-Coat, Half-pay Officers.

And

And younger Brothers, whoſe Pretence
To Fortunes, is their Impudence;
Grave Templers, breaking Citts, and Beaux,
And Upſtarts, who by Bubbles roſe;
With rural 'Squires not to be number'd,
Their Lands with Debts and Portions cumber'd.

*V.* No Hope of Conqueſt is from Theſe,
They may ſome awkward Heireſs pleaſe;
Their fulſom Flatteries obtrude,
On pert *Coquet*, or muſty *Prude*.

*Eliſa*'s Taſte is too refin'd;
Our hated Rivals guard her Mind:
*Pallas* gave Wiſdom for her Guide,
And Royal *Juno* decent Pride.

Haſte thee, my Boy, to *Learning*'s Seat;
(There now *Eliſa* you will meet)
Where Arts by *Wickham*'s Bounty thrive *;
Where Manners, Health, and Virtue live;
And vegetable Dial ſhews,
How *Sol* his Courſe diurnal goes.
There animate ſome worthy Youth,
Full of Innocence and Truth;
Bid him addreſs the charming Fair:
Tho' modeſt, bid him not deſpair.

Wrapt

† *New-Coll.* Oxon, *in the Garden there is a Sun-Dial in Box.*

Wrapt in a Cloud Great *Juno* heard,
Unſeen, the grand Debate—— and fear'd.
Reſolv'd on Conqueſt, both ſhe found:
So thought it ſafeſt to compound.
And now the Goddeſs ſtood confeſs'd,
And thus the Deities addreſs'd:
'Much Glory will from Conqueſt riſe,
'When you ſhall ſay, "Here vanquiſh'd lies
"One Woman by two Deities.
'Well—ſince you both will have it ſo,
'Freedom for Love ſhe muſt forego:
'Let our dear *M*r*ſ*n* be he;
'*Pallas* and I will both agree.

## *An* ODE.

### To *HUGH S---F---D*, Eſq;

*On Sir* H. N—C—TE, *Bar. marrying his Daughter.*

I.

WHEN *Danae* in the Flower of Age
Appear'd, and Nature's Pride:
*Acriſius* fear'd ſhe would engage,
And be ſome Hero's Bride.

II. Braſs

II.

Braſs Towers the Royal Maid reſtrain,
Stern Maſtiffs watch the Gate.
Gates, Maſtiffs, Brazen Towers are vain
'Gainſt Love as ſtrong as Fate.

III.

How *Boreas* blows! How ſwells the Tide!
Let *Hero*'s Torch appear,
Nor Waves, nor Winds, can long divide
*Leander* from his Dear.

IV.

With equal Merit, mutual Fire,
*N—c—te* and *S—f—rd* meet;
Thy Smiles will make, O worthy Sire!
*Maria*'s Joys complete.

V.

To joyn this lovely, loving Pair,
Propitious Powers combin'd:
*Maria* elſe had been leſs fair,
Or her Sir *Harry* blind.

VI.

Then let a Father's Bleſſing grace
Thy Daughter's happy Choice:
Fair * *Pynes* ſhall flouriſh with a Race
Of beauteous Girls and Boys.

VII. What

* *The Name of his fine Seat near* Exon.

VII.

What is decree'd, in vain we try
By Reaſon to remove;
*Predeſtination* to deny
Were *Hereſy* in LOVE.

## *An* EPISTLE *to* *Sir* JOHN C*CH**R, *Bart.*

### *On his Marriage with Mrs* F. H.

GREAT BRITAIN's Senate has thought fit,
(Who, with the Power, has all the Wit)
That Mother-Tongue to us be left,
Of moſt, that's *Engliſh* elſe, bereft;
That *Latin* ſhall be turn'd from Bar
And Hall, to School of *Weſtminſter*;
That *Noverint* be nothing worth;
*&c.* —— be plain *ſo forth*,
That *Scire facias* be none:
But Fools in *Engliſh* be undone.
I, who in *Latin* us'd to ſend
Ode or Epiſtle to my Friend *,

Now

* *Vid.* Latin *Poems.*

Now native Rhymes wou'd fain indite,
Like *Horace* think, like *Prior* write.
*Sicelian* Muſe I not invoke;
*Cibber* her Favours has beſpoke.
If the coy Dame neglect the Beau,
What Aid on me wou'd ſhe beſtow?

Some worthy Subject let me chuſe,
And be my Theme the *Poet's* Muſe.
*Phœbus* and *Pallas*, you, who reign
Supreme o'er Wit and Wiſdom, deign
Propitious, to aſſiſt my Song,
Which to your Fav'rites does belong.
† *Y*ſt*n* and *S*y*d* join'd require
The ſweeteſt Lays, you can inſpire.

Hail! happieſt Pair in *Hymen's* Roll!
Two Bodies acted by one Soul.
They ſaw, they conquer'd both, and lov'd:
And conſcious Worth all Doubts remov'd. ——
Their Eyes their mutual Flame conſeſt:
Each clearly read the other's Breaſt:
Each other's Thoughts bright Angels ſo,
Do by mere Intuition know.

Sages

* Vid. Latin Poems.

† *The Names of their Two Seats.*

Sages of Old have wisely thought
That human Souls from Stars were shot.
Our Forms, our Tempers vary: Whence,
But from their various Influence?
The Difference in Men does show
The Stars are diff'rent, whence they flow.
Fierceness betrays stern *Mars*'s Pow'r
And sullen Looks from *Saturn* low'r.
The Artist skill'd in Features knew
(A perfect Stranger) at first View,
Nature had made th' *Athenian* Sage *,
Inclin'd to Lust, to Pride, to Rage.
But Reason Nature had subdu'd;
He was not fierce, nor proud, nor lewd.
In beauteous Forms the Spark divine
Does thro' the very Body shine.
*Francisca* knew her Knight, you her,
United in your Genial Star.
When against Acres Pounds are weigh'd;
Is this to *marry?* or to *trade?*
Who only court and wed, to *thrive*,
Not *Love*, but *Smithfield-Bargains drive*.

Com-

* *Socrates.*

Commerce Equivalents may find,
Love can be only pay'd in kind,
In gen'rous Breasts, when e'er it glows,
The *Side*'s best pleas'd, that most bestows.
Shou'd *Phœbus* in one Station rest;
Not half an Hemisphere were blest:
But as he monthly shifts his Sign,
*Volga*'s as happy as the *Rhine*.
Let not sweet *S*f*d* be forlorn:
Nor *Y*st*n* long your Absence mourn.
To shine on both, the Year divide,
*There* FLORA smiles with painted Pride,
DIANA *I* does Health provide.
Kindly presents the pricking *Deer*,
The wily *Fox*, the doubling *Hare*.
With useless Speed they scour away,
Since their own Feet their Flight betray.

You, when calm Evenings forth invite
To less laborious Delight;
Marking brisk *Pointer*'s faithful Set,
Draw on the whirring Birds the Net:
You from the Wise this Rule receive,
*Sport* but to *eat*; and *eat* to *live*.

# *The* ZEALOT.

*No Name of Party ſhall my Fury know,*
*Where e'er I come, I kill both Friend and Foe.*
Rehearſ.

WHEN *C*dl*er* firſt in *Salter*'s-*Hall*,
Did undertake the *Pope* to mawl;
Two *Jeſuits*, their old Maſter's Spies,
Mix'd with the Herd, in ſafe Diſguiſe;
With Conventicle Mien and Face,
And ev'ry outward Sign of Grace,
The Preacher mainly laid about,
And *Bellarmin*'s Church-Notes did rout.
The Liſt'ners now began to fear,
For Holy Church, and *Peter*'s Chair.
But lo! (as *Schiſm* wou'd have it) he
At length fell foul on *Prelacy*.
" Courage, my Friend, ſaid one to th' other,
" Cou'd he do more, were he our Brother!
" I know him *intus et in cute*,
" Tho' hir'd againſt us, he fights booty.
" War againſt *Rome* he did proclaim;
" The *Church of England* is his Aim.
" Let *England*'s Biſhops be run down
" By her falſe Friends; the Day's our own.

Car-

## *Carmen Elegiacum*

*In obitum Filioli Viri Rev. amiciſſimique*
THO. MORRISON.

QUanquam ego nec curas Patrum nec gaudia novi,
Cui prolem nec fert Sponſa, nec Oreus habet:
Crede tamen, veſtri tangunt mea corda dolores,
Una dies Puerum queis dedit, una rapit.
Cœleſtes auxiſſe Choros jam triplice partu *
Luctus Materni grande Levamen habet.
Felices animæ terrena Labe carentes!
Ipſe Agnus comites vos jubet ire ſibi.
Dum greſſus *Nini* Vates *Hebræus* ad Urbem
Inſtantis properat nuncius excidij:
*Phœbus* ſævit in arva, ſenemque Hic cœlitus Umbram
Surgere lœtatur: mox fremit eſſe brevem.
Tu pius & Sapiens, non indignare, Repertor
Rerum Primitias quod velit eſſe ſuas.
Pignora multa Tibi ſpondere licebit amoris:
Fœcundam agnoſcet Patria læta Domum.
O dilecte bonis! poſt plurima luſtra Parentes
Componet Lachrymis veſtra Propago piis.

* *She had formerly buried two Children, viz. Mr. Francis and Miſs* Elizabeth Baſſet.

# *An* ELEGY

## *On the Death of Mr* MORRISON's *Infant, who dy'd on the Day he was born.*

STranger to Parents Joys or Griefs I've liv'd,
Nor bleſs'd with Offspring, nor by Death depriv'd.
And yet I melt, whilſt you your Infant mourn,
And wreath my Garland for his little Urn.
Thrice to encreaſe the Number of the Bleſt,
Muſt heal the Anguiſh of a Mother's Breaſt.
Sweet Innocents! ſo ſoon from Earth releas'd!
With ſuch the ſpotleſs LAMB is ever pleas'd.
Whilſt to proud *Ninus* City *Jonah* goes,
With dreadful Meſſage of impending Woes,
*Sol* points his Rays; and lo! a Gourd aroſe.
Bleſs'd was the Prophet in his Heav'n-born Shade;
But rag'd to ſee ſo ſoon th' Umbrella fade.
Whilſt you ſubmiſſive to the Will Divine,
The Firſt-Fruit of your happy Love reſign:
Expect the Bleſſing of a numerous Race,
To glad their Parents, and their Country grace.
When late, O be it late! my *Morriſon*,
Known to the Good, and lov'd where ever known,
You and your deareſt Half one Grave ſhall find,
In Life united, nor by Death disjoin'd;
Your grateful Progeny ſhall frequent come,
And dew with pious Tears your venerable Tomb.

# *BAVIANA.*

——— *Neget quis Carmina* BAVO?

## ΣΩΤΗΡΙΚΟΝ

CAROLO BAVO, *M. D. dicatum.*

DUM tuo Sponſam arbitrio ſalubres,
Proluunt hauſtus tepidarum Aquarum;
Illa dum miſcet ſapiens honeſto
Seria Ludo.

Re ſua felix ſatis & beata
Divitum cultus oculo irretorto
Spectat; & pulchris vetat invidere
Conſcia Forma.

Nos, domi Lectum viduum peroſi,
Viſimus lento procul hinc caballo
Patriæ fines; ubi fulget igne
Occiduo *Sol.*

Dives

THE

# ODE *to Dr* BAVE,

## *Imitated.*

I.

WHilſt *Bave* and *Britiſh* BAJA's balmy Spring,
Which Nature thro' ſulphureous Veins,
Nature, the ſkilful'ſt Chymiſt, ſtrains,
New Vigour to *Maria* bring:
'Twixt Health and Wiſdom ſhe divides the Day,
Now deep in Thought, now innocently gay.

II.

She, pleas'd and happy in her private State,
With no invidious Glance ſurveys
The Pomp and Splendor of the Great,
Who nightly in Aſſemblies blaze;
Conſcious of native Beauty does confeſs
† *Olivia*'s Charms, nor wiſhes they were leſs.

III.

Tir'd of my lonely Houſe and downy Bed,
Joyleſs and hard, when ſhe's not there,
By ſlow, but ſteady Pace, convey'd,
I view'd our *Iſland*'s Limits; where
*Sol* gilds with Rays each Rock and curling Wave,
Of *Albion* fondly takes his lateſt Leave.

IV. Deep-

† *Dutcheſs of* C*l*d.

Dives hæc Tellus Segetis, Metalli
Ditior. Regi *Carolus* fidelem
Gratus agnovit. Superanda nunquam
Marte: ſed Auro.

Jam viæ tædet; magis at Laboris,
*Siſyphus* quantum tolerare fertur:
Et ſenem occidit repetita Crambe
Sæpe Magiſtrum.

Nocte quam longa eſt vigilo; nec alis
Somnus errorat madidis ocellos.
Curam ego fallens, operoſa Laſſus
Carmina fingo:

" Vile qui ſpernis, generoſus, aurum,
*BAVE*, nec nobis reficis *Mariam*
Arte venali, officium Camœnæ
Accipe gratæ. "

*Phœbi*,

IV.

Deep-burrow'd here they dig with luſty Pains
Rich Oar, in Earth's dark Bowels bred.
There *Ceres* waves her ripen'd Head,
When *Zephir*'s Breezes fan the Plains.
† Their loyal Deeds has thankful *Charles* enroll'd,
Endleſs their Glory,—cou'd they conquer Gold *.

V.

The tedious Circle of my Tour complete,
Like *Phœbus*, where I roſe, I ſet:
Now the Scholaſtick Taſk rowl on,
Heavy as *Siſyphus*'s Stone.
Various the Ills of Life. But moſt I grudge,
Thus ever to be doom'd a *Grammar*-Drudge.

VI.

Whilſt others lie diſſolv'd in dewy Sleep;
Soft Slumbers to my weary'd Eyes
The drowſy God invok'd denies,
And I alone ſad Vigils keep.
To ſooth my Cares, and ſhorten the dull Night,
I court my Muſe, and labour'd Verſe indite:

VII.

" O *BAVE!* of Bounty equal to thy Art,
" Since in my dear *Maria* 's ſhown
" Thy generous Friendſhip to the Gown:
" The Dictates of a grateful Heart,
" Deign to accept (for Gold thou doſt refuſe)
" The humble Off'ring of my wakeful Muſe.

VIII. " Pa-

† *K.* Charles's *Letter of Thanks, written on the Walls of many Churches in* Cornwall. * *Elections very dear there.*

"*Phœbe*, da dignum Medico poetam:
Artis es, *Smintheu*, pater utriusque
Stamina huic, *Parcæ*, improperata vitæ
Volvite fuso."

Hæc vovent, quotquot medicatur Ille—
Plura conantem una novem sororum
Leniter plectro increpuit, refertque
Talia ludens:

"Heus! vigil desiderio, Modorum,
Nunc opem poscis? redeunte Sponsa,
Nullus ad mollem tibi erit soporem
Carminis usus.
Illa cervicem teretem, comæque
Annulos (quales doluit reciſos
Furis, heu! *Belinda* nimis jocosi
Forcipe iniquo)
Frigoris jam non metuens recludet:
Pulchra, ceu cum surpuerat tibi te.
En! Decor (dices) redit, & Juventus
Auspice *Bavo*."

VIII.

" Patron of Phyſick and melodious Lays,
" *Latona*'s Son, the Verſe inſpire,
" And tune mine by thy golden Lyre,
" Whilſt thy own Favourite I praiſe.
" Slow ſpin his Thread, ye Fates, prolong the Taſk;
" With ardent Vows his numerous Patients aſk.

IX.

The pleaſing Subject, thus begun, I ſtrove,
Tho' far unequal, to purſue.
When lo! a heav'nly Form I view,
Whoſe Brightneſs chear'd my dark Alcove:
*Calliope* (I think) in Gold array'd,
She gently twang'd her Lute, and ſmiling ſaid:

X.

" Whilſt reſtleſs without your *Maria* you lie,
" The Pow'r of ſweet Numbers, fond Mortal, you try,
" But when ſhe returns, all your Cares ſhe'll remove;
" You'll love--and you'll ſlumber, you'll wake--and you'll love,
" And lull'd in the Circle of her ſnowy Arms,
" Confeſs all the Muſes cannot equal her Charms.

XI.

" Unveil'd are her Beauties, by her ebony Hair,
" As Lights by ſtrong Shades, ſtill render'd more fair.
" Such Treſſes † *Belinda* herſelf could not boaſt;
" Tho' ſhe griev'd and ſhe rag'd for one Favourite loſt.
" Tranſported you'll ſay,—Happy, *Bave*, is thy Art;
" So look'd my *Maria*, when I gave her my Heart."

† *See* Pope's *Rape of the Lock.*

# *An* ELEGY *on the Death of* *Dr* CHARLES BAVE.

## *Inſcribed to Dr* HARRINGTON.

LET wanton *Sapho* tune her warbling Lyre,
To *Venus* ſing her diſregarded Fire.
Let penſive *C*dl*y* in keen Verſe complain
Of Husbands Pride, and their tyrannick Reign:
Let nobler *M***ue* with *P** engage,
And Majeſty approve her Satire's Rage.
*Bave* be my worthier Theme. Thee, *Bave*, I praiſe,
Whilſt Gratitude inſpires my untaught Lays.
Sacred the Verſe, that does to *Bave* belong,
His deathleſs Name will eternize the Song.
Whilſt him I mourn, the tuneful *Nine* ſhall own,
By me their Female Favourites out-done.

Liſten, ye Naïds of the bubbling Springs,
Whilſt your own *Bave* the ſad *Meliſſa* ſings.
Your balmy Streams new Vigour did impart,
When he aſſiſted Nature with his Art.
Suſpended Crutches all around proclaim
Your healing Virtues, and your Doctor's Fame.

To

To both alike pale ſickly Virgins owe
The blooming Beauties Power and Skill beſtow;
So far their preſent Charms their Hopes ſurpaſs,
They ſcarce believe their Lovers, or their Glaſs.
His gaſping Friends how oft did he reprieve,
And diſappointed Heirs, and Undertakers grieve!
When heaving Coughs the weary'd Lungs diſtreſt,
Day knew no Pleaſure, and the Night no Reſt;
The Nerves unbrac'd, the Muſcles pin'd away,
And hectick Heats the Malady betray:
By *Bave* reſtor'd, the wond'ring Patient found
The Symptoms vaniſh, and the Body ſound.
Whoſe wiſe Preſcripts correct Life's purple Flood,
And ſweetning Draughts dilute the tainted Blood.
Nor could the Palſy long his Art withſtand;
He fix'd the ſhaking Head, and uſeleſs Hand.
Thoſe hapleſs Mortals, whom Gout-pains invade,
Tho' ſlow the Poiſon, are ſure Victims made.
Nor Drugs, nor Herbs, can cure the ſtubborn Ill,
Nor ſubtle *Merc'ry*, nor *Ward*'s boaſted *Pill*.
The few, whoſe Reaſon curb'd inferior Senſe,
Nor Luxury preferr'd to Indolence,
By *Bave*'s and Wiſdom's Rules did Life maintain,
Health's joyous Seaſons more endear'd by Pain;

'Till

'Till with insidious Force, Life's Capitol,
The Foe surprizes —— *Bave*, like *Rome*, must fall.
Whate'er is born has its appointed End.
On Arts, on Fame, on Wealth, let none depend;
By Virtue, sweetest Manners, hope to fly
Death's iron Hands—since *Bave* himself did die.
Weep, O ye Naïds, from your steamy Urns
Let Tears stream out; your *BAVE Melissa* mourns.

O *HARRINGTON!* be thou his Virtue's Heir,
Who knew Religion worth his chiefest Care:
Durst in an imp'ous Age assert Heav'n's Cause,
And own he fear'd to break its sacred Laws.
Preserve thy Father's Friendship to the Gown,
And all his Skill and Fame be added to thy own.

MELISSA.

* *Dr* Harrington *married Dr* Bave's *only Child.*

*Miss*

# *Miſs* MARY MORRISON,

## *Born* December, 1734.

SWEET Offspring of the happy Pair,
*Hymen* and *Love*'s peculiar Care;
Angels o'er thee kind Vigils keep,
Lull'd in the ſilken Arms of Sleep.
Air ſerene, well-temper'd Food,
Invigorate Life's purple Flood.
The Seeds of Health each Minute thrive,
Health! the beſt Portion we derive
From virtuous Parents mutual Loves;
Whoſe native Beauty *Grace* improves.
Laſting, as innocent, their Joys,
Whom not Neceſſity, but Choice
Links in matrimonial Bands;
Who Hearts unite, then give their Hands.
When Beauty's proſtitute to Gold,
*Cupid*'s averſe the Match behold:
*Furies* the nuptial Torches light,
And *Hymen* ſickens at the Sight.
See *Mammon*'s Daughter freſh as *May*,
Beauteous, innocent, and gay.
But ah! the deſtin'd Husband's come,
With Coach and Six——at leaſt a Plumb.

He taints the Morn with poys'nous Breath,
With ev'ry Kiſs he proffers Death.
*Aurelia* weeps——but ſtarve ſhe muſt;
Or quench his dying Snuff of Luſt.
Tyrannick Sire, thy wicked Soul
This Torture from *Mezentius* ſtole.
Who to the Dead the Living join'd,
Did Face to Face exactly bind;
In forc'd Embrace the Wretches lie,
'Till poyſon'd by the Stench they die.
Of feeble Age, and cold Deſpair,
The wretched Fruit 's a ſtarveling Heir.
Not ſordid Views thy Parents join'd.
Well he deſerv'd; and ſhe was kind:
Had they not lov'd, they had been blind.
May, ſweeteſt Innocence; in thee,
What's excellent in both, agree.
When thus adorn'd, in bloom of Life,
(Heav'n guide thy Choice) thou'rt made a Wife:
Fondly each Night thy beauteous Head
Upon his faithful Boſom laid;
In Conſort you'll confeſs your Joys,
(And liſt'ning Loves approve the Voice.)
" Thus was thy worthy Father bleſs'd;
" Such Bliſs my dear Mamma poſſeſs'd."

The

# The COCK and JEWEL.

## A FABLE.

A Warrior Bird, loud Herald of the Morn,
Whoſe well-ſhap'd Body ſpangled Plumes adorn,
High on whoſe Front a glorious Creſt did blaze,
The Ornament and Terror of his Face;
Beneath, a crimſon Beard hung dangling low,
Like gawdy Chitterlings of modern Beau;
For Love or War was fit. On either Heel
He native Weapons bore, as ſharp as Steel:
Joy of his feather'd Mates; his Rival's Dread;
By him alone the pleas'd Seraglio bred.
He round the Corn-Stacks and the Meads did range,
And reign'd ſole Sultan of the ſpacious *Grange*.
One Day in Search of Food he ſcrap'd the Ground,
Where a rich Gem the buſy Hero found.
Firſt he with Wonder view'd the ſhining Prize;
Then with his Beak explor'd what charm'd his Eyes.
But diſappointed, proudly ſpurn'd at *what*
He found unfit for him, as he for *that*.

" Of thee poſſeſs'd, vain Man wou'd bleſs the Chance,
" And ſoon his *Pride* thy *Value* would enhance.
" Lie there (he ſaid) thou pretty, uſeleſs Toy;
" Me nothing pleaſes, that I can't enjoy.
" Render'd by Art for City-Dame too dear,
" Some Prince wou'd buy thee—or ſome gawdy Peer
" Wear thee at Court on each auſpicious Day,
" Hir'd at a Rate, wou'd half his Tradeſmen pay."

The MORAL.

*Thus worthleſs Coxcombs ever will deſpiſe*
*Superior Merit, they han't Senſe to prize.*

## MARTIAL, *Book* III. *Ep.* 19.

IN the *Piazza*, where tall Poplars grow,
And well-carv'd Beaſts adorn the ſhaded Row,
A rugged Bear takes up a mighty Space,
The Ornament and Terror of the Place.
Young *Hylas* there the horrid Monſter ſaw,
And fearleſs ſported with its gaping Jaw,
A lurking Viper animates the Stone,
And arms the Brute with Poiſon, not it's own.
Too late, alas! the fair expiring Boy,
Found Bears could ſting, and Marble could deſtroy.

# *Royal Juſtice.*

TRiumphant Laurels *Solyman* had crown'd,
Not leſs for Juſtice than for War renown'd.
To *Avala*'s wide Plains his Troops he drew,
Fluſh'd with Succeſs freſh Conqueſts to purſue.
At *Perſia*'s *Caliph* does the Tempeſt aim,
The *Caliph* now ſole Rival of his Fame.
Fierce as the Dog-Star does the Creſcent rage,
Whoſe ſickly Fires ſad Peſtilence preſage.
No Tumults thro' his awful Camp are heard;
'Twas a ſafe Market, and the Country's Guard.
Thither one Night, as the Great Monarch ſat,
Revolving in his Mind Affairs of State,
Paſt midnight's Hour, arriv'd a wretched Swain,
Admittance begg'd, and did Admittance gain.
Prone he ador'd, his Soul o'er-whelm'd with Woe;
On the rich Carpet Tears in Torrents flow:
Words found no Vent, thick Sighs their Paſſage choke,
Then heav'nly mild the pitying *Sultan* ſpoke:
*From Penury, or Wrong, proceeds thy Grief?*
*From Bounty, or from Juſtice, hope Relief.*

*Speak*

*Speak, for I'll patient hear*——He rais'd his Head,
And made by Sorrows eloquent, he ſaid:
" The happieſt Peaſant once my Sovereign ſees,
" 'Till Luſt and Violence deſtroy'd his Peace.
" *Balſora*, faireſt of the Plains I woo'd,
" In bloom of Life; but yet leſs fair than good.
" Pleas'd with my Truth, the Maid approv'd my Choice;
" And twice Twelve Moons have witneſſed our Joys.
" Weary'd with Labour, in the Verge of Night,
" Home I return'd—but there—O killing Sight!
" I found a Warrior, threat'ning Love or Death
" To my *Balſora*, fainting, out of Breath.
" His poliſh'd Helmet flaſh'd a dreadful Glare;
" At my Approach he drew his Scymitar.
" She ſhriek'd aloud, and Life was almoſt gone,
" Her Huſband's Danger added to her own.
" The Coward ſtruck at my devoted Head;
" She groan'd, and ſwoon'd; whilſt I defenceleſs fled,
" And, much reluctant, quit th' unequal Strife;
" Too weak to help, or to revenge my Wife.
" Vengeance to Heaven and righteous Kings belongs.
" Redreſs *Balſora*'s, and thy Suppliant's Wrongs."
*Soon* (ſaid the Prince) *the Chiefs at my Command*
*All clad in Arms, ſhall here before us ſtand:*

*Obſerve*

*Obſerve 'em well, ſafe in that Mute's Diſguiſe,*
*Mark the Offender——and he ſurely dies.*
The ſummon'd Warriors came, their Station took;
With them the Raviſher, of ſteady Look.
With ſharpeſt Ken the Peaſant each ſurvey'd;
No Sign, no conſcious Bluſh his Guilt betray'd.
The ſhining Circle from the Tent withdrew,
Whilſt none the Cauſe why they were ſummon'd knew.
*Now* (ſaid the *Sultan*) *to thy Cot retire,*
*Succeſs will ſoon add Fewel to his Fire.*
*Watch his Return. When harbour'd with thy Dame,*
*Diſturb him not; and I'll ſecure the Game.*
*Rage wing thy Feet; to my Pavilion haſte:*
*The Wanton's next Adventure proves his laſt.*
*You'll bleſs the* Sultan, *when you ſee him dead,*
*Whoſe Lewdneſs durſt profane the Marriage-Bed.*
By Morning's roſie Light he reach'd his Home;
His faithful Love reviv'd to ſee him come.
Their Safety by their Danger is endear'd;
For whom, ſincerely lov'd, we greatly fear'd.
" Did he? he cry'd—But I thy Bluſhes ſpare;
" Nor ſay thou, what with Horror I ſhou'd hear.
" Too well I know the brutal Force of Arms;
" And my fond Heart confeſſes all thy Charms.

" Sooh

" Soon I expect the Ruffian will return;
" The Flame's not quench'd, that did ſo furious burn.
" Thy Fears diſſemble, and thy Female Rage:
" Let flatt'ring Hopes a-while his Stay engage.
" Sure Vengeance on his guilty Head will fall,
" And expiate the Crimes, it can't recall.
" Revenge, Revenge does all her Thoughts poſſeſs:
" The pleaſing Image ſooths her Soul's Diſtreſs."

The Sun twice ſat, and now the Moon ſucceeds,
By whoſe pale Light again the Ruffian ſpeeds
To the lone Cot, thence never to return,
Nor ſee the riſing Bluſhes of the Morn.

With Haſte the Swain to the Pavilion goes:
Nor need of Words his Sorrows to diſcloſe.
The *Sultan* read the Language of his Eyes.
*And is he come?* (he ſaid) *The Villain dies.*
*My Guards attend——Thou, Peaſant, lead the Way;*
*Let Torches's Blaze ſupply the Want of Day.*
His ſparkling Eyes flaſh'd Lightning as he went,
And his Soul labour'd with the dire Event.

Clear of the Camp athwart the Plain they got:
The Lights extinguiſh, having reach'd the Cot.
Without the Monarch and the Peaſant wait;
Whilſt the relentleſs Miniſters of Fate,

With

With ſilent Steps approach th' unguarded Bed,
Where impious Violence and Luſt were laid:
A Taper's glimm'ring Light directs the Hand,
Steady to execute the ſtern Command.
With a deep Groan Life iſſues at the Wound,
And his warm Limbs lie quiv'ring on the Ground.
The Torches lighted now, with penſive Look,
To the ſad Scene his Way the *Hero* took.
The bloody Corſe with curious Eye ſurvey'd.
Then pleas'd, on bended Knees he ſilent pray'd.
He roſe, he bow'd. Then turning to the Fair,
Proſtrate and trembling, ſaid, *Diſmiſs thy Care.*
*Thy Table ſpread; a Prince will be thy Gueſt;*
*Hunger his Sauce, and chearful Looks his Feaſt.*
With coarſe, but cleanly Fare, the Table's ſpread;
Chearful their Looks: Full well the *Sultan* fed.
The Meal was finiſh'd; and the ſilver Moon,
With borrow'd Light, now half her Courſe had run.
The Prince was going: When the wond'ring Hoſt,
With low Obeiſance, did his Gueſt accoſt:
" The Ways of Heaven are intricate to Men;
" Kings Counſels far remov'd from vulgar ken.
" O Great and Good! wilt Thou vouchſafe to bear
" Thy Vaſſal's Boldneſs, and his Queſtion bear?

" Since flaming Torches from the Camp we bore,
" Why were they all extinguiſh'd at my Door?
" But, what's more ſtrange, how could a Monarch deign
" To taſte the homely Viands of a Swain?"
Gracious he anſwer'd. *Well thy Prince approves,*
*When Modeſty, like thine, the Queſtion moves.*
*Know then, when firſt thy juſt Complaint I heard,*
*Much for my* Son, *and Kingdom's Heir, I fear'd.*
*For, taught by antient Hiſtory, I knew*
*What giddy Youth, when back'd with Power, might do.*
*Dear is my* Son *belov'd; but more I ow'd*
*To publick Juſtice, than to Ties of Blood.*
*His Sight might raiſe a Conteſt in my Soul,*
*And all the* Father *might the* King *controul.*
*But what my joyful Heart did ſilent pray,*
*Too modeſt thou to ask, unask'd I'll ſay.*
" *Celeſtial Power, whoſe ſecret Influence*
" *Directs Man's Will, to guard his Innocence;*
" *Whilſt here the Guilty dies by juſt Decree;*
" *Accept my humbleſt Thanks, my* Son's *not he.*
" *O! let him live regardful of thy Will,*
" *And, what thy Prophet taught the World, fulfil.*
" *When to the promis'd Paradiſe I'm gone,*
" *With Royal Virtues let him grace the Throne.*"

*From me, my Peasant, Dainties learn to scorn:*
*The Great and Wise are not for Pleasures born.*
*Who Luxury indulge, soon sated, find*
*The Nerves unbrac'd, and over-cast the Mind.*
*Thy piteous Story gave the* Sultan *Pain,*
*Beyond the Fancy of a simple Swain.*
*Such anxious Thoughts my lab'ring Soul oppress,*
*Stranger to Food I was, and balmy Rest:*
*Resolv'd on Vengeance, doubtful of my* Son,
*Whose fatal Guilt had ruin'd both in one.*
*He safe and innocent, with Joy I eat,*
*Thy Cot a Palace, and thy Pulse a Treat.*
*Tyrannick Power for lawless Force be fear'd;*
*But mine for Regal Justice be rever'd:*

*On the Rt Hon. the Lady* CA. HERBERT's
*Dancing with an antient Gentleman.*

I.

NOW I believe 'tis Truth,
Whate'er of Old
The fabulous Poets † told
Of feeble Age renew'd to vig'rous Youth.
Methinks I see the Cauldron burn
With magick Flames, whilst pow'rful Juice
*Medea* does infuse:
And to old wither'd Veins young sprightly Streams return.
And now the lusty, new-born Sire,
Young, and active as his Son,
Like *Phœnix* rising from the genial Fire,
Once more the Stage of Life does with new Vigour run.

II.

For this, *Medea*, must thy Name survive!
Was it for this fond Poets raise
Such Monuments of Praise? [give?
Can mystick Words and poys'nous Weeds such Honours
More than thy *Spells* and boasted Pow'r
Stol'n from ev'ry little Flow'r,
*Orinda*'s native Charms have done:
Whose Beauty's Influence,
Warm and lively as the Sun,
To Fourscore Years did brisk Activity dispense.

† *Vid.* Ovid's *Metam.*

III. Not

III.

Not the glad Violins, nor Voice,
Nor Trumpet's martial Noise
*Acaſto*'s Soul cou'd move,
Inſenſible of Harmony as Love.
But when *Orinda* came to crown the Day,
*Acaſto* ſoon was gay:
The Clog of Age thrown off, his nimble Feet obey.
In artful Meaſures dance around,
And anſwer to the Muſick's chearful Sound.

*Aylesbury*,
A. D. 1694.

*Mrs* E. C. *to one of a bad Voice, and worſe Ear, interrupting her as ſhe ſung the* Tweed.

WHEN the ſweet *Nightingale* complains,
And charms the Grove with melting Strains;
When *Linnets* ſwell their little Throats;
And painted *Goldfinch* joins his Notes,
With mounting *Larks*; and am'rous *Doves*,
In tender Cooings tell their Loves:
Should the grave *Owl*, to try his Skill,
The *Chorus* with long Hootings fill;
He ſtands on ſome high Barn confeſt,
Diſturbs the Song, and ſpoils the reſt.

The

# *The Generous Maſtiff:*

## A FABLE.

*Addreſs'd to the Author of* The Weekly Miſcellany.

OF Virtue's Rules vain Man diſputes;
But may its Practice learn from Brutes:
By uncorrupted Inſtinct led
To their beſt Good, by Nature bred.
*Keeper*, a bounteous Maſter ſerv'd,
And never from his Duty ſwerv'd.
A Friend from an inſidious Foe,
By Day, by Night, did nicely know.
Civil; but reſolutely Brave,
The Houſe from pilf'ring Rogues to ſave.
Ambition, Avarice, or Luſt,
Ne'er brib'd him to betray his Truſt.
He bravely ſcorn'd the proffer'd Cruſt.
His Strength he knew, and mortal Bite;
But never, unprovok'd, would fight.
Reſerv'd his Vigour to engage
With Foes wel worth a Hero's Rage.

The

The ſurly *Bull*, that ſpurns the Ground,
And aims at once a double Wound.
The *Bear*, hard griping with her Paws:
The *Boar*, tho' Thunder arms his Jaws:
The prowling *Wolf*, the Dread of Swains,
Who haunts the Folds, and ſcours the Plains.

*Keeper* a Viſiting one Day,
Thro' a long Village took his Way.
From dirty Huts a Rabble-Rout
Of noiſy Curs ran yelping out.
Unmov'd, the Champion kept his Pace:
Reſentment here would but diſgrace
The Laurels he had won in Fight.
Secure they bark, who cannot bite.

But one, more furious than the reſt,
Louder and cloſer on him preſt.
Of Maſtiff-Breed the Mongrel came;
A Turn-Spit had debauch'd his Dam;
Prick-ear'd, long-ſided, and ſtump-tail'd;
And, like fierce *Conventicler*, rail'd.
Call'd him a *ſuperſtitious Fool*,
*Ambitious*, *factious*, *Party-Tool*,
*Abettor* of *Tyrannick Rule*.

Had Strength been equal to his Spite.
He would not only grin, but bite.

Such Inſolence t' have longer born,
Had *Tameneſs* been, not gen'rous *Scorn*.
With juſt Reſentment *Keeper* took
The Scoundrel, and ſeverely ſhook;
Then let him go, with this Advice:
"Learn to be quiet——or more wiſe.
"Who does not meddle with his Match,
"He will, like thee, a *Tartar* catch.

# DASY's Complaint.

## *An Epiſtle to* DAPPER *de* BATH.

HAppieſt of all the barking Race,
I whilom thought the Turn-ſpit was.
Secure within our Wheel we dance,
Progreſſive ſtill, without Advance:
But yet we riſque no Turn of Chance.

I own, of Cookery, the Pains
Are conſtant—but no leſs the Gains.
When the ſhrill Bell, and twiſted Whip,
Make *Kill-buck*, *Queſt.* and *Hector* ſkip;

Con-

Conſcious of Worth I keep my Poſt,
Indulg'd by him, who rules the Roaſt.
How rich, how ſavoury the Juice,
Which baſted Haunch, and Chine produce,
Criſp Pork, ſweet Veal, and fatted Goose!
This in the Dripping-pan I ſee,
Reſerv'd for *Suſan*'s Sop, and me.
I ſee?—ah! no;—That Bounty's gone!
*Suky* and I the Loſs bemoan,
Slender as green-ſick Miſſes grown.

For, oh! our Lady's new Houſe-keeper,
*Pinch-gut*—in *Styx*, ye Furies, ſteep her,
The Fat has added to her Penſion;
(The De'l ſure help'd her to th' Invention)
Near the * Pan's Centre the ſly Jade,
An hundred Holes in Circles made.
By Art *Vulcanian* †, at its Baſe,
A Cavern form'd of Iron did place,

Our

* *A new-invented Dripping-Pan.*

† Vulcan *was the famous God of Smiths. Many and exquiſitely Curious are his Works celebrated by* Homer, *viz. Cups, Chariots, and Armour for his Brother Gods, and their favourite Heroes: One Pair of automatous Crutches for himſelf: And a whole Set of Pots for his Wife's Kitchen, which were likewiſe of ſpontaneous Motion, and obedient to the Call, even as Oaks and Rivers were to* Orpheus.

Our Fees her magick Circle drains,
And the curs'd Reſervoir detains.
In vain all round the Brims I lick;
The * *Crane* ſerv'd *Reynard* ſuch a Trick.
Thus *Taylors* in their † *Hell* below
*Brocade* or *Velvet* Remnants throw.
Thus ‖ Soldier's Pay did *R*n*l**
Curtailing, o'er his Gridiron draw.

Fares it no better, Friend, with you?
Is *Bath* with Thrift infected too?
Have little Knaves learn'd from Grandees,
Their painful Underlings to ſqueeze?
Or does the *Cook* ſtill Bounteous treat
His honeſt Drudge, who ſpins his Meat?

If ſo—be kind, and recommend,
To the next Vacancy,

*Your Friend,*

DASY *de* BRISTOL.

* *Vid.* Phœdr. *Book* 1. *Fab.* 26.

† *The Cavity under their Working-Board is called* Hell; *probably from its being the Receptacle of all they can filch out of any rich Garments, which undergo their Operation.*

‖ *As all Men, who raiſe vaſt Fortunes out of publick Poſts are cenſur'd; ſo a Pay-Maſter of the Army in the laſt Century, had this Jeſt put upon him. Which, tho' I allude to it by Way of Simile, is no part of my Hiſtorical Faith.*

## HOR. *Ode* XXV. *Book* I.

I.

O! Whither, *Lydia*, are thy Lovers gone?
Thy youthful Lovers, who with Stone
At thy Balcony gently thrown,
Th' appointed Signal gave to lusty Joys;
But now in vain you listen for the welcome Noise.

II.

Neglected *Lydia* now no more
At Midnight hears the amorous Throng
Of Fops, who once in whining Song,
To raise her Pride, her Pity did implore,
On her lone Bed unactive now she sleeps,
Whilst her once crowded Door it's quiet Threshold keeps.

III.

Now, antiquated Beauty, 'tis your Turn,
In vain to languish, sigh, and burn;
Forsaken thou shalt in dark Alleys mourn,
Winds whistling round thy hoary Head,
To see even Porters slight thy proffer'd Bed.

IV.

Nothing of Youth, but its fierce Fires you keep;
It's Lewdness still will stay;
Boil in your Veins, and on your Vitals prey;
Eager as Mares impatient for the Leap;
Stretching your empty, longing Arms,
In your hot Rage of Lust, you'll curse your want of Charms

V.

Now nicer grown, we caſt away
Old wither'd Flowers for Chaplets freſh and green,
Naked *December* change for blooming *May*,
To thy Fourſcore prefer Fifteen;
How wilt thou curſe thy ſelf, and us, to ſee
Thy ſnowy Age cool ev'ry one, but only thee!

*This* ODE *was ſent to Ld* JEFFERY'S, *by whoſe Command it was tranſlated, from* Oxford, *A. D.* 1694.

## From MARTIAL, B. 1. Epig. 104.

### *To MAMMON.*

I.

TEN Thouſand Pounds when you had got,
You pray'd they might be Twenty:
Vow'd to the Gods you would beſtow't
In Pomp, and live in Plenty.

II.

The merry Gods laugh'd at thy Vow,
They knew thee for a *Miſer*;
Have ſent thee Twenty Thouſand now,
Thy Gratitude to try, Sir.

III. Thy

III.

Thy thread-bare Coat, thy whole Week's Shirt,
But ill become thy Riches;
Thy clumsy Shoes are all-o'er dirt,
And greasy thy Buff-Breeches.

IV.

A Plate of Olives asks thy Guest?
What's left is nicely reckon'd;
The Fragments of thy last Night's Feast
Are kept for Meal the Second.

V.

Vile *Porter* cools thy hissing Throat;
A Penny-Chop 's thy Dinner;
And when thou 'rt amorous, a Groat
Thou tip'st the daggl'd Sinner.

VI.

O *Mammom!* is it thus you mind
Vows to the Gods? Fie on ye:
Be generous, as they've been kind;
Or else give back the Money.

The

# The FEAST of the BIRDS.

## A TALE.

THE *Eagle* once proclaim'd a Feaſt,
Where ev'ry Bird was bid a Gueſt.
*You, Nightingale* (ſaid ſhe) *prepare*
*A Conſort, and a Bill of Fare.*

The tuneful, little, buſy Bird,
By moſt admir'd, by none preferr'd;
Studious each diff'rent Taſte to ſuit,
Got Ven'ſon, Fiſh, and Grain, and Fruit.
*Flora* the verdant Carpet laid,
On a ſmooth Lawn's enamel'd Bed.
The wond'rous *Phœnix* ſelf was there,
Whoſe ſpicy Neſt perfum'd the Air.

The Royal Banquet Muſick cheers,
And ſweet *Cantato's* charm their Ears.
The *Lark*, the *Linnet*, *Hoop* and *Thruſh*,
Or pois'd in Air, or perch'd on Buſh,

Now

Now ſole, and now reſponſive ſing,
The Vales now with full Chorus ring.
*Red-breaſts* in moving Notes relate
Two injur'd Orphans cruel Fate.
The warbling *Nightingale* repeats
Of Warrior-Birds the mighty Feats.
The Triumphs of *Strymonian Cranes*,
And *Pigmies* gaſping on the Plains:
And with her Voice inſpir'd diſplays
Th' Adventures of the feather'd Race:
Their Loves, their Cares, their Joys, their Wrongs,
Recorded in old *Druid*'s Songs.

The ſolemn, dull, conceited *Owl*,
Of medley Phiz, 'twixt Man and Fowl,
Thought his Importance was ſo great,
His Abſence wou'd diſtreſs the Treat.
Five Nights ſucceſſive from his Hole,
With lazy Flight abroad he ſtole:
To try what Male-contents would chuſe
His Supper, and the Court refuſe.

And now th' expected Day was come,
A hollow Tree his Dining-Room;

Whoſe

Whoſe venerable Trunk all round,
Was with cloſe-clinging Ivy bound,
The Gueſts, uncrowded, did receive,
Tho' Fifty they,—ſave Forty Five.
The chatt'ring *Magpye*, ominous *Jay*,
Noiſy as modern Smarts, and gay.
The *Woodcock* to a Proverb wiſe,
Unſeen (he thinks) when clos'd his Eyes.
With theſe the bitter *Stare* repairs,
Who *Doves* unhatch'd in Embryo Tears.
The ſhrivel'd *Bat*, nor Bird nor Beaſt,
Had Courage to approach this Feaſt;
Inſur'd by ſolemn Oaths and Vows,
He'd not miſtake her for a *Mouſe*.

The Gueſts diſpos'd, the Table ſet,
He, whilſt they nod, or ſnore, or eat,
His learned Labours does repeat.

Well-ſuited Meſs-mates! better known
Than lov'd; unask'd for; miſs'd by none.

*Barum*,
Auguſt 23*d*,
1733.

## *To a* LADY, *who demanded a Sample of his* POETRY.

VARNISH, his Wares to recommend,
The Choice did to the Curious ſend;
Charm'd with the Lure, the Ladies fly,
And happy ſhe who firſt could buy.
" This rich Brocade is lately come,
" The Glory of the *Gallick* Loom.
" If ſeen, it ne'er had left *Verſailles*;
" That's *Florence*—*Genoa*—this *Marſelles*—
" Now, Madam, hither turn your Eyes,
" See here how Art with Nature vies!
" How far the Workmanſhip out-does
" The Gold that in each Flower glows.
" It croſs'd the Tropicks, and the Line,
" Proud on your lovely Shape to ſhine.
" The Choice of Colour's no ſmall Part
" (Believe me) in the Dreſſing-Art.
" This Point let none, who Conqueſt prize,
" Conſcious of native Charms, deſpiſe.
" *Chloris*, would you a roſie Grace
" Mix with the Lillies in your Face;

" This ſprightly *Pink*, that *Cherry* wear—
" Then let the Queen of LOVE compare.
" If, beauteous *Sylvia*, you ſuppoſe
" Your healthful Look too ſanguine glows;
" Then azure Robes will beſt become,
" And cool the Vigour of your Bloom."

The *Nice* his Patterns much approve;
The *Vain* his ſmooth Addreſſes move.
The Whole the lucky Flatterer ſold;
And turn'd, like *Midas*, all to Gold.

So much for *Tale*. And now 'tis fit
I ſhould apply what I have writ.
My teeming Muſe has oft brought forth:
But, doubtful of her Iſſue's Worth,
Kept 'em at home confin'd on Shelves;
But bids 'em now ſhift for themſelves.
Fearleſs of puny *Criticks* Rage,
If they eſcape the *Dunciad*'s Page.
Who knows, but noble *G*—— Grace,
May next to *C*——*r* give 'em Place?

To you ſhe dedicates the Beſt:
Your Candour will excuſe the Reſt.

# *From* HORACE, B. I. Ode 4.

## *To* SEXTIUS.

AT length the dull *Winter* for *Spring* has made way:
And the Ships new careen'd again put to Sea.
Clowns quit the black Chimney, Flocks leave the warm Pens;
Since no longer the Snow o'er the Meadows remains.
By Moon-ſhine now *Venus*, fair, merry and gay,
With the *Nymphs* and the *Graces* does pleaſantly play:
In Meaſure Earth's Carpet alternately beats,
Whilſt *Vulcan* at home forging Thunderbolts ſweats.
Now let us our Temples with Garlands of Flow'rs,
And *Myrtle* adorning, enjoy the fleet Hours.
Let us make to God *Faunus* a plentiful Feaſt:
We'll have Meat and Wine to be ſure of the beſt.
*Death* impartial from *Beggars* and *Kings* their Life takes;
'Twixt a *Cot* and a *Palace* no Difference makes.
Whilſt hope of hereafter Enjoyments delays,
The Tyrant *Death* on thee his Victim will ſeize;
And drive thee to *Pluto*'s dark Regions below.
And if thither once, poor Mortal, you go;
No more ſhall your Dice chuſe ye King of the Feaſt.
† No more ſhall lov'd *Phyllis* inflame your fond Breaſt:
Whoſe Beauty each Man, now your Rival, admires,
Whoſe Beauty each Woman with Jealouſy fires.

† *It was Modeſty made the young Gentleman thus turn this Paſſage.*

# *DAVID's* SERENADE.

*From* Cowley's DAVIDEIS, *Book* 3.

I.

AWAKE, awake, my Lyre,
And tell thy ſilent Maſter's humble Tale,
In Sounds that may prevail:
Sounds, that gentle Thoughts inſpire.
Tho' ſo exalted ſhe,
And I ſo lowly be;
Tell her ſuch diff'rent Notes make all thy Harmony.

II.

Hark! how the Strings awake;
And, tho' the moving Hand approach not near,
Themſelves with awful Fear
A Kind of num'rous Trembling make.
Now all thy Forces try,
Now all thy Charms apply;
Revenge upon her Ear the Conqueſt of her Eye.

III.

Weak Lyre! thy Virtue ſure
Is uſeleſs here: Since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound:
And ſhe to wound, but not to cure.
To weak too wilt thou prove,
My Paſſion to remove.
Phyſick to other Ills, thou'rt Nouriſhment to Love.

IV. Sleep,

## Cowlæi Dav. L. 3.

FIDA Teſtudo Domini miniſtra,
Sis vigil noſtros iterare Cantus:
Dic modos, Virgo, quibus obſtinatas
Applicet aures.
Sit licet Regis Soboles potentis;
Sint greges quamvis mea cura pingues;
Diſpares ſane Harmoniam ſonanti
Dant tibi Chordæ.

Ut lubens audis, Lyra, me vocantem!
Ut tibi, nec ſollicitante plectro,
Palpitant fila in numerum tremore
Pœne canoro.
Eja! inauditum melos ante fundas.
Quod mihi Forma tulit Illa vulnus
Dulce, Victrici modulata nervis
Carmina reddant.

Impotens ſed tu dare vulnus. Eheu!
Saucium ſed nec lubet Huic mederi.
Docta tu curas alias levare,
Paſcis amorem.

Vana!

IV.

Sleep, ſleep again, my Lyre;
For thou can'ſt never tell my humble Tale
In Sounds that may prevail.
Nor gentle Thoughts in her inſpire,
All thy vain Mirth lay by;
Bid thy Strings ſilent lye.
Sleep, ſleep again, my Lyre, and let thy Maſter die.

*The* Latin *of the following* SONG *was ſung when the Gentlemen of* Barum *School acted* Terence's *Comedy call'd,* The Self-Tormentor.

I.

IF *Love*'s a ſweet Paſſion, why does it torment?
If a Bitter, O tell me, whence comes my Content?
Since I ſuffer with Pleaſure, why ſhould I complain;
Or grieve at my Fate, when I know 'tis in vain?
So ſweet is the Pain, and ſo ſoft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart.

II.

I preſs'd her Hand gently, look'd languiſhing down;
And in paſſionate Silence I made my Love known.
But oh! how I'm bleſs'd, when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing Miſtake to diſcover her Love!
When ſtriving to hide it, ſhe reveals all her Flame,
And our Eyes tell each other, what neither durſt Name.

Vana! te posthac paries habebit.
Ibimus moesti tacitique ad umbras.
Non modos dices, quibus obstinatas
Applicet aures.

## *Cantata in Scena Barumensi.*

I.

SI dulcis est Amor; qui nos cruciet?
Si amarus, O dicas, cur nobis placet?
Si voluptas est pati, quid iniquus querar?
Aut frustra quid doleam, si fato trahar?
Sagitta tam mollis, tam dulcis dolor,
Ut tenellum titillet, et vulneret cor.

II.

Puellæ dum premo languens digitos,
Nequit Amor celari, licet obruat Os.
At O! quam beatum me blanda facit.
Errori cum ficto vera mens patefit!
Invita cum flammas male dissimulat,
Et ocellis fatemur, quod timor vetat.

# RICHES and HEALTH.

## *An Epiſtle to* PHIDON.

WOuld'ſt thou be wealthy? none can wiſh it more.
Learn without *Hazard* to improve thy Store.
At Five *per Cent.* thou little Sums advance;
Let *Intereſt* delay'd thoſe Sums enhance.
Two *Sureties* with the *Principal* be bound:
*Grypus* this Caution never-failing found.
Of *Mortgages* beware: Some latent *Cheat*,
Hopes of *Poſſeſſion* does too oft Defeat.
*Stock-Jobbing* hate; 'tis worſe than *Cards* and *Dice*;
The Bane of Induſtry; Fool's Paradice.
None in *Change-Alley* ſhall increaſe his Pelf,
Who meets not greater Cullies than himſelf.
High for a while the cheating Bubbles run;
But the laſt Purchaſer is ſure undone.
Whilſt plodding *Traffick* Shop and Buſineſs plies,
His honeſt *Hundreds* do to *Thouſands* riſe.
Content he lives on ſure, but moderate, Gains;
Whilſt Providence rewards his Thrift and Pains.

'Till

'Till aiming at a Plumb at once, the Fop
To purchaſe *Stock*, diſmantled all his Shop.
Drawn by his dappled Pair, whirl'd thro' the Town;
And dreamt of the *Prætorian* Chain and Gown.
Th' ambitious Fool, now rook'd of all his Store,
Begs at the Chariot, which he fill'd before.

Of haſty Gains the World will envious judge,
What's got by Thrift, none knowing, none can grudge.
But here remember— 'tis the cunning Part,
However frugal, to conceal your Art.
If Parſimonious, let it not be ſeen:
For a known Niggard 's ſcandalouſly mean.

*Harpy*, when ſummon'd to a gaudy Day,
Buxom and ready does the Call obey:
Impatiently expects the promis'd Food.
So *Oyſters* gape for the returning Flood.
The Table ſet, he ſeizes on the Prey,
With Rage proportion'd to the long Delay.
Conſcious of Home, and fearful of a Faſt,
Pockets ſweet Fragments of the rich Repaſt.
" Man's Mimick ſo, Dame Nature's Scaramouch,
" Firſt fills his Belly, and then crams his Pouch:
" Does in that wondrous Reſervoir conceal
" The wiſe Proviſion for a future Meal. "

Regard thou *Uſe* in Bargains more than *Coſt*;
Buy, not what's cheapeſt, but what 's wanted moſt.
Your Auction-hunting *Caſtors* † oft I've known,
By great, but uſeleſs Penny-worths, undone.

*Avaro* yearly would his Friends invite;
And waſte a Twelve-month's Savings in one Night.
Conſtant thy Table be, one Tenor know;
Not ſtarve to Day, to-Morrow over-flow.
Still be it clean, however coarſe thy Fare:
Thy Sawce be Hunger, Exerciſe and Air.

Would you conſult both Appetite and Health!
That *Salt* of Life, which makes us reliſh Wealth,
Your Teeth beſpoke by 's Worſhip, or my Lord,
Where Elegance and Plenty crown the Board;
By frugal Abſtinence at home, prepare
To ſhew your honour'd *Hoſt* you like his Fare.
" Timely their Meadows prudent Hinds lay up:
" Their Care's rewarded with a plenteous Crop.

Spoil not by an unneceſſary Whet
Your Stomach's Edge, when exquiſitely ſet.
Leſt you ſhould think this Admonition vain,
By freſh Example I'll the Rule explain.

Noble

† *Omnia Caſtor emit; ſic fiet ut omnia vendat. Vid.* Mart.

Noble *Pomponius*, not leſs Good than Great,
Invites an antient *Burrough* to a Treat.
The look'd-for Morning roſe; with active Force
Each well-dreſs'd Burgher mounts his champing Horſe.
Half-way a courteous Swain ſome Minutes ſtay'd,
With Stomach-whetting Draught the Cavalcade,
Sage *Saſſafras*, already keenly edg'd,
In Complaiſance the kind Inviter pledg'd.
Squeamiſh as breeding Woman, on he urg'd
His eaſy Nag—the meagre Liquor purg'd.

The ſplendid Villa now the Gueſts receives,
Th' officious Groom their ſweating Pads relieves.
What Dainties Art or Nature could afford,
Fiſh, Fleſh and Fowl, are marſhall'd on the Board.
Pall'd *Saſſafras* alone no Morſel taſtes.
So *Tantalus* amidſt his Plenty faſts.
He longs—he loaths—he tries—but all in vain,
He grieves—and vows he'll never *Whet* again.

*Auguſt*,
A. D. 1730.

## *On a* POUND *erected very near the* PARLOUR-Window *of the* Manour-Houſe.

HOW well the *Pound* does with the *Parlour* ſuit!
Here *faſts* the Stranger, and there *ſtarves* the Brute.

## *To Mr* BAYS.

WELL did the World's great Conqueror command,
No Artiſt's, but the fam'd *Apelles* Hand,
Should e'er attempt the Pourtrait of his Face;
Leſt want of Skill ſhould the Deſign diſgrace.
Yet what *Apelles* did, or *Zeuxes* draw,
Tho' ſtill recorded, but few Ages ſaw:
Nor curious *Italy*, nor boaſting *Greece*,
Could ſave from Time one celebrated Piece.

Immortal Verſe (he knew) could Fame impart,
Beyond the *Painter*'s, or the *Carver*'s Art.
" *Homer* his Fav'rite's Glory does prolong,
" And makes his Hero laſting as his Song.
" And muſt I be forgot (he ſighing ſaid)
" For want of ſome great Genius' friendly Aid?
" Or muſt ſome Scribler riſe in future Times,
" To blaſt my Lawrels with his doggrel Rhimes?
" Silence were better far—avert it, *Jove*,
" And all ye Powers, who Verſe and Heroes love. "

O! let not *GEORGE*, ſtupendous Lyric Bard,
Twice yearly feel, what *Alexander* fear'd.
Thy Pay unenvy'd, and thy Sack retain:
Do not thy Royal Patron's Name profane.
Thy tortur'd Muſe no more ſuch Ballads bring,
For *Eccles* to compoſe, and *Hughes* to ſing.

# A Dissertation upon HORNS:

OR,

# *The Consolation of* CUCKOLDOM.

IN * *France* the one Man's Head no make
Another's sober Head to ake;
Quoth poor *Dufoy*, when drunken Master,
Made bleeding Noddle need a Plaister.

And yet the silly Whim prevails
Thro' all the World, that wanton *Tails*
Of *Messalina*'s must translate
The Pennance to the Husband's *Pate*.

The wiser Antients never thought
The worse of him, whose Wife was naught.
*Atrides*, his lewd Rival slain,
Kindly receiv'd his *Nell* again:
Sunk in the Bosom of the Fair,
Forgot the Toils of Ten Years War.

*Amphitryon* † thought it no Disgrace,
That mighty *Jove* supply'd his Place,
That *Hero* rather did rejoice,
The Thunderer approv'd his Choice:

Hugg'd

* *Vid. Sir* G. Eth. *Plays.*

† *Vid.* Theocrit. *Idyll.*

Hugg'd in his Arms the Foſter-Child,
And with a Father's Fondneſs ſmil'd,
Whene'er he rock'd him in his Shield.
And meaſur'd, with triumphant Joy,
The Serpents ſtrangled by the Boy *.

Wiſe *Cato* lent his Friend his Dame;
Yet *Cato* had no other Name †.

*Jove*, when he deign'd in Maſquerade
To raviſh ſome fair mortal Maid,
A Satyr, or a Bull, became;
And *Neptune* bliſſom'd like a Ram.

If *Horns* muſt follow looſe Amours;
Know, bold Aggreſſor, they are yours;
Not his, who weds the charming Dame;
Smooth is his Forehead, clear his Fame.
The forked Creſt ‖ ſhould we remove,
It were falſe Heraldy in *Love*.

'Twas thy Contrivance ſure, *Old Nick*,
Or ſome lewd *Marriage-hater's* Trick,
To make poor Huſbands run Horn-mad,
Whene'er their Spouſes pleaſe to gad.

O Tyrant *Cuſtom!* all the Shame
Of *Cuckoldom* lies in the Name.

A Peaſant, without Learning, wiſe,
As I was Reaſoning, thus replies:
"Thoſe

* *Young* Hercules.

† Cato *no where call'd* Cuckold.

‖ *The* Horns *fairly turn'd.*

" Thoſe Husbands, whom Folks *Cuckolds* call,
" Three Creatures repreſent 'em all.
" See yonder, in that Plat of Graſs,
" My ſhaggy *Goat*, my *Ram*, my *Aſs*.
" Old *Grey-beard* bears behind his Horns,
" And the Reproach, he ſees not, ſcorns.
" *Gibby* in vain from Scandal flies,
" His Horns hang ever in his Eyes.
" *Old Jack* the only Wretch appears,
" Who takes for Horns his lopping Ears.

## To Mr. *Jos. L.*

## *Sawny*; or, *The Man of Conſequence.*

EUGENE, by Nature and by Fortune bleſs'd,
Bounteous and prudent us'd what he poſſeſs'd:
Books, Men and Manners, with Exactneſs knew;
To *all* obliging, intimate with few.
Tho' eaſy to be pleas'd, and born to pleaſe,
Preferr'd, to doubtful *Pleaſure* certain *Eaſe*.
Nor prais'd the *ſingle* State, nor Marriage blam'd;
*Conjugal* Love with Honour ever nam'd.
Always genteel, not finical, he dreſt;
And, what himſelf put on, became him beſt.

His

His Table elegant, but not profuſe.
His Servants few, not kept for *State*, but *Uſe*.
One dext'rous Hand could well the Office do,
Of *Valet*, *Butler*, and *Equerry* too.

The Poſt now vacant, was by many ſought;
But *Sawny* from a Friend Credentials brought.
*Eugene* his Mien and his Addreſs approv'd;
And hating Words, this ſingle Queſtion mov'd:

" Can you, tho' in few Words your Maſter ſpeak,
" The whole Deſign by *Conſequences* take?
" As thus:—My Lord to-Morrow does deſign,
" The Ladies, and ſome Friends, with me to dine.
" Be this the *Conſequence*, from what is ſaid,
" In the grand Parlour be the Table laid:
" The Damask, Porcelain, and the poliſh'd Plate
" Muſt be produc'd; well-dreſs'd the Servants wait.
" Or thus:—This Evening I the Air will take,
" From hence yourſelf muſt this *Concluſion* make:
' As I'm *Equerry*, it muſt be my Care,
' The Coachman do by Five provide the Chair;
' My ſelf equip'd, and ready mounted wait
' Or at the Stables, or the Terrace Gate.'

*Eugene* had often try'd his *Sawny*'s Senſe,
Pleas'd that he prov'd a *Man of Conſequence*.

But

But once it chanc'd—how prone is Man to err!
Once *Sawny* ſtrain'd the *Conſequence* too far.
The Story would you, Friend, vouchſafe to know,
You'd own his Error did from Duty flow.
A '*Pothecary*, *Doctor*, and *Divine*,
*Eugene* one Morning viſited 'ere Nine.
Their Looks their mutual Surprize reveal,
His at their Viſit, theirs to find him well.
The grave Triumvirate he thus addreſt;
" Who viſits early, tho' upon Requeſt,
" Obliges much; but who, unaſk'd, beſtows
A Boon like this, a double Favour ſhews."
—*Sent you not for us then?* (the Doctor ſaid)
*Or is't a Fiction of your* Valet's *Head?*
*We thought t' have found you cloſe confin'd to Bed.*
—Speak; did you call 'em?—*Yes.*—On what Pretence?
Had you my Orders?—*Yes*; *by* Conſequence.
*For when this Morn I did my Duty pay,*
*And ask'd your Honour's Orders for the Day,*
*You ſaid, you'd try to ſlumber, was not well;*
*Bid me withdraw, 'till I ſhould hear your Bell.*
—*Your Honour being ſick, I did* infer
*Your Safety moſt requir'd your Servant's Care.*

*Unbid*

*Unbid I flew, and Duty gave me Wings,*
*Where* Linger-'em-a-long *the Mortar rings.*
*The Shop's tall Sides on either Hand were grac'd*
*With curious Cells, which in nice Order plac'd,*
*(Their azure Labels all enrich'd with Gold)*
*A thouſand various Med'cines ſeparate hold.*
*Beneath groſs Herbs were negligently ſtrew'd;*
*Aloft, in juſt Arrangement, Bottles ſtood,*
*Fill'd (as their Titles ſaid) with various Liquor;*
*There a Tile hung, inſcrib'd*—Per Orbem dicor:
England's St George *(I think) was the Device;*
*For proſtrate at his Feet the Dragon lies.*
*Here (I muſt own) 'twas* Sago's Inference;
*"The Doctor ſhould preſcribe, and he diſpenſe."*
*I took the Hint, ran to* Mermillo's *Dome:*
*I knew the* Conſequence——*They both are come.*

Ill-pleas'd they heard, and ſternly him ſurvey'd;
But with a chearful Look the Paſtor ſaid,
"You reaſon well; but whence did you *infer*
"My Preſence, *Sawny*, was expected here?"
——*Ah! Sir, 'tis time to pray, when Danger's near.*
*Good Doctors may miſtake, and Art may fail,*
*But true Devotion ever will prevail.*

The

The Paſtor ſmil'd; but angry Tempeſts riſe
In *Pæan's* Sons, and kindle in their Eyes.
Whilſt their diſorder'd Looks their Rage reveal,
*Eugene* a Burſt of Laugh could ſcarce conceal.
Haſtes to his Window, whence his Eye commands
A pleaſing Proſpect, Gardens, Groves, and Lands.
Advancing thro' a Walk of well-cut Trees,
With Stride delib'rate he a Stranger ſees.
—" Look yonder; ſay, who is't?"—*Your Lawyer, Sir,*
—" Officious Fellow, what ſhould he do here?"
—*Ah! blame not this Effect of* Sawny's *Fear.*
*Never may I forget (Peace to the Dead)*
*What my old ſecond-ſighted Grandam ſaid:*
When ſick Folks 'gin to pray, and Phyſick take,
'Tis time, my Bern, their Teſtament to make.
*An Undertaker ſaid he'd wait below,*
*When theſe had finiſh'd, your Commands to know;*
*But ſith your Honour's ſafe, I'll bid him go.*
Aloud th' Aſſembly laugh with full Conſent;
They ſee his Foible; no Affront was meant.
That he knew *Conſequences* all agree;
Aſſume good Humour, and ſit down to Tea.

*The*

# *The* SPIDER *and* POET.

I.

ARTIST, who underneath my Table,
Thy curious Texture haſt diſplay'd;
Who, if we may believe the Fable,
Waſt once a lovely, blooming Maid.

II.

Inſidious, reſtleſs, watchful *Spider*,
Fear no officious Damſel's Broom;
Extend thy artful Fabrick wider,
And ſpread thy Banners round my Room.

III.

Swept from the Rich Man's coſtly Table,
Thou'rt welcome to my ſordid Roof:
Here thou may'ſt find a peaceful Dwelling,
And undiſturb'd attend thy Woof.

IV.

Whilſt I thy wondrous Structure ſtare-at,
And think on hapleſs Poet's Fate;
Like thee confin'd to loneſome Garret,
And rudely baniſh'd Rooms of State.

V.

And as from out thy tortur'd Body,
Thou draw'ſt thy ſlender Strings with Pain;
So does he labour like a Noddy,
To ſpin Materials from his Brain.

# ARANEA & POETA.

QUÆ noſtræ laqueos ſuſpendis, *Aranea*, menſæ,
O Telarum opifex, ingenioſa tuos;
Tu fueras quondam, ni fingunt omnia Vates,
Formoſa & multis virgo petita procis.

Inſidioſa hoſti, vigil, indefeſſa laborum,
Non ſcopa hic ſordes ſedula purgat anus.
Urge opus egregium, mihi non violabile Textum
Tende, meæ paries qua patet uſque caſæ.

Aude, hoſpes, contemnere opes, inviſa ſuperbis,
Grata mihi, mecum hos tu cole, tuta Lares.
Hic ſecura potes telam exercere diurnam,
Nec quiſquam, tibi qui ſtamina rumpat, erit.

Dædalum opus mirabor ego, recolamque ſeveræ
Quæ nobis pariter dura dedere Deæ.
Non locus eſt nobis, munda & pretioſa ſupellex
Fulget ubi: quo tu pellere, pellor ego.

Tecta eadem tibi quæ Vati; ſors una duobus;
Materiem ſtudio præbet uterque ſuo.
Ille ſuo carmen ducit ſubtile cerebro;
At, tu viſceribus tenuia fila trahis.

Ille

VI.

He, for ſome ſlutt'ring, tawdry Creature,
That ſpreads her Charms before his Eye;
And that's a Conqueſt little better
Than thine of captive *Butterfly*.

VII.

Thus far, 'tis plain, you both agree;
The End, perhaps, may better ſhew it:
'Tis ten to one but Penury
Ends both the *Spider* and the *Poet*.

*The ingenious Author of theſe* Engliſh *Stanza's I know not: But being commanded by a Perſon of Quality to tranſlate 'em into* Latin, *I choſe to print the Original oppoſite to the Tranſlation, that it may be ſeen by thoſe who have not the* Engliſh *(and I believe it was never printed) how far I have done it Juſtice.*

## *A Medicine for the* GOUT.

AS Gouty *Plodwell*, ſeeking ſoft Repoſe,
Lay ſweating with the Anguiſh of his Toes,
Cloſe by his Squab plac'd Shop-Book and the News,
At Intervals alternate to peruſe.
Four Hours ſpun out, ſo ſtubborn is the Fit,
For Book or News there's no Remiſſion yet.
But lo! his haughty * *Dalimalkid*'s come,
Who with a vocal Tempeſt ſhakes the Room:
"What!

* *Vid. A Letter to this Lady in the* Turkiſh-Spy.

Ille levem captat verſu pictamque puellam,
Inſidiata proco quæ cupit ipſa capi.
Jejunam ſed te, neve inferiora ſecutam,
Sollicitat picti papilionis amor.

Vita quidem vobis diſtat diſcrimine parvo;
Finem quis poſſit dicere, qualis erit?
Heu! vereor, ſed Dij vos talem avertite peſtem,
Ne vatem perdat teque, miſella, fames.

" What! medling ſtill with Politicks? (ſhe ſaid)
" What's *Osborne*, *D'anvers*, or your *Grub.* to Trade?
" Thou, idly-ſtudious Would-be, ne'er wilt thrive;
" Get in your Debts, and gainful Bargains drive.
" What's *Germany* to us, or *Spain*, or *France?*
" Better for both, you minded the main Chance."
Rage choak'd the reſt—The Storm he ſilent bears,
Which from his throbbing Feet the Torture ſcares.
' So when raſh *Phaeton* had fir'd the World,
' To quench the Flames Great *Jove* his Thunder hurl'd.'

## A FABLE.

## *The* FOX *and* GRAPES.

*Reynard* by Fraud and Rapine fed,
The Hen-roosts and the Lambkins dread;
Sated with Slaughter, now grown nice,
A Vine with Clusters laden spies.
The Fruit, to warmest Beams display'd,
In horizontal Lines was laid.
Beauty has Charms: But ah! in vain
We sigh for what we can't obtain.
Six Foot above the Ground, and more,
The Wall supports the purple Store.
Beyond thy reach, ambitious Creature,
Whose Cunning far exceeds thy Stature.
He longs—and thrice with utmost Strain
Leaps at the Grapes; but leaps in vain.
Now tir'd, the disappointed Thief,
Tho' sorely vex'd, thus hides his Grief:
"You're yet too sour for *Reynard*'s Use;
"I'll leave to green-sick Girls such Juice."

### *The* MORAL.

*Who have, by Fortune's Malice croſt,*
*Preferment, or a Miſtreſs loſt;*
*Wiſely diſſemble the Miſcarriage,*
*And what they cannot reach, diſparage.*

## A FABLE.

## *The* SPANIEL *and* TURNSPIT.

A Tutor'd *Spaniel*, ſleek and gay,
Taking a Walk one Summer's-Day,
A daggled, thin-lank'd, Village Cur
Accoſts him thus:—"Good-morrow, Sir;
"Much I reſpect your goodly Mien,
"As *Burgher* plump, as *Ermin* clean.
"Where-e'er you live, your lovely Caſe
"Proclaims you Fav'rite of the Place.
"Thoſe Offals you refuſe, would be
"A Banquet to half-famiſh'd me.
"Permit me, Sir, on you to wait;
"I'll humbly ſtop without the Gate,
"Whilſt Dogs, to me ſuperior far,
"Your Meſs-Mates, or your Umbra's are."
*Rover* approv'd the ſmooth Addreſs,
And courteous pity'd his poor Caſe.
—*Come, Mr* Trudge, *is n't that your Name?*
—"Plain *Trudge*, Sir! Titles give me Shame.
—*Our Turnſpit's dead with Age and Fat.*
(Thought *Trudge* a lucky Omen that.)

*The Dripping-pan 's your ſtated Fees,*
*If you 're ſo fortunate to pleaſe.*
*Beſides, there's many a ſav'ry Bit*
*Comes in by way of Perquiſite.*
—" What, I Sub-Cook! I ſmell Roaſt-Beef!
" Sure you were born for my Relief."
—*You ſhall, my Friend*—" Your Vaſſal I;
" For Friend 's too mean; yours 'till I dye.
—*I'll introduce you to the Kitchen,*
*Soon as the Cook-Maid brings the Spit in.*
*See, you obſequiouſly advance,*
*Wriggle, and fawn, about her Dance.*
*Let not her Arms your Burthen feel,*
*But nimbly ſpring into the Wheel.*

O'er-joy'd *Trudge* follow'd, had Admittance,
And for his Hunger found ſmall Pittance.
Of *Rover* having learn'd his Cue,
Strait to the Larder-Door he drew,
Where *Joan* was ſpitting of her Veal.
He fawn'd, he friſk'd, he wagg'd his Tail;
Yelpt at the ſight of Spit, as pleaſant
As *Rover*, when h' as perch'd a *Pheaſant*.
Uſeful, tho' ugly, much he took
With all the Houſe, as well as Cook.

Happy

Happy beyond his Hopes he liv'd;
No Knave in Office faſter thriv'd:
And, too well fed, ſo nice was grown,
He'd ſcarce accept a proffer'd Bone.
Grown lazy now with Food and Eaſe,
Slighted his Poſt; but watch'd his Fees.
*Rover* a Patron's Freedom took,
The ruſtick Upſtart to rebuke.
—*Mean Souls, I ſee, rais'd from Diſtreſs,*
*Grow proud and wanton by Succeſs.*
*Was it for this thou wert prefer'd?*
*The Cook is little now rever'd.*
*I've heard thee call'd, I've ſeen thee ſhun,*
*When 'twas high Time the Meat was down:*
*Haſte to thy Duty,* Trudge, *ſaid I;*
*E'n go yourſelf, was the Reply.*
—" That Anſwer you deſerv'd, I gave.
" I'm *Turnſpit* yet; but not your Slave.
" If Pref'rence be to Merit due:
" Who knows? I've Parts as well as you."
—*My Vaſſal once, too mean for Friend,*
*To rival me doſt thou pretend?*
—" I may for ſomewhat more declare;
" Can wind the Partridge, ſtart the Hare.

" (Your *Poachers* ſureſt take the Game)
" And now a Dog of Title am,
" As well as you. Pray mark me, Sir,
—*No,* (*Rover* growl'd) *thou'rt but a Cur.*

*The* MORAL.
Addreſs'd to the Grand VISIER.

*Would you the Weight of publick Cares divide,*
*Let none be truſted, who ha'n't long been try'd.*
*Ungrateful Upſtarts prove their Patrons Foes,*
*And Rivals to the* Power, *by which they roſe.*

## To **** ****.

## *On a memorable Duel.*

HApleſs in Duel as in Satire found!
Thy Wit cannot convince, nor Weapon wound.
O never draw again, advent'rous Youth,
Thy Sword on *P* * * *, nor thy Pen on Truth.

*EPI-*

# EPILOGUE to *PHORMIO.*

*Spoke by* PHANY, ANTIPHO's *Bride, when the young Gentlemen of* Barnſtaple-*School acted this Play.*

FLuſh'd with Succeſs, my *Nanty* longs to hear
How you his Choice approve, how like his Dear:
And fearleſs of *Candaules* Fate, he ſhews
His *Phany*'s Beauties to a Ring of *Beaux.*
Let jealous Coxcombs keep [their Wives *incog*;
I'm truſted here to ſpeak an *Epilogue.*
But ſince old *Terence* made his *Belle* a Mute,
I'm not concern'd for *Terence* to diſpute.
For *Ep'logue* then I'll tell you, by your Leave,
My Nurſe's Fable on my Wedding-Eve.
'Imperial *Juno* vex'd her *Jove* ſhould breed,
Without her Help, from his own teeming Head,
Vow'd Vengeance; and reſolv'd, without his Leave,
Her pregnant Noddle ſhould a Babe conceive.
Penſive ſhe ſat, ſip'd Tea, her Maids did rattle;
Nay, her own Booby *Mars*, the God of Battle,
Devour'd with Spleen, by Sleep at laſt reliev'd,
Repos'd on Squab ſhe dreamt, and lo! conceiv'd.

'At

'At length a medley Monſter from her Brain
'Started, and lowr'd, gay *Hymen*'s future Bane.
'Pride, Hatred, Envy, awkward Love, Deſpair,
'Of the loath'd Compound the Ingredients were.
'None knew what Name to call the Bantling by;
'A *Fury* roſe, and call'd it *Jealouſy*.'

The Story thus my good old Nurſe apply'd;

'To-Morrow, deareſt Miſs, you'll be a Bride.
'Would you for ever *Antipho* engage,
'And *Honey-moon* preſerve to wrinkled Age!
'Would you ſecure the Prize your Beauty took?
'Beauty's the Bait, Good-Humour is the Hook.
'With what may happen ne'er diſturb your Mind,
'Nor curious Search for what you'd grieve to find.
'If he ſhould wander—gently coo thy Mate;
'Frowns, and harſh Lectures but exaſperate.
'O *Phany!* ſmooth thy Brow, command thy Tongue;
'Forget the paſt; and fear no future Wrong.
'On thee the Centre of his Joys he'll reſt,
'And on Experience ſtill pronounce thee Beſt.
'Whilſt haughty *Prudes*, too keenly who reſent,
'Provoke the Injuries, they would prevent.

# PROLOGUE

*To* ADELPHI: *i. e.* The BROTHERS.

WHEN *Britain*'s Senate wiſely did decree,
To ſet the Bar from learned Jargon free;
Had we but Intereſt, we'd have begg'd a Clauſe
In favour of poor Boys, as well as Laws.
Were *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc* diſmiſs'd, with *qui*, *quæ*, *quod*,
Truants and Dunces would not fear the Rod.
Would you aſſiſt us, and our Maſter try,
So bright a Circle he can ne'er deny.
*Terence* henceforth be baniſh'd from our Scenes.
Not all who hear him know what *Terence* means.
I muſt confeſs the *Poet*'s kind to Day;
Two Matches made may recommend the Play.
A faithful, tender Couple you'll approve:
But what will Pity, or your Laughter move;
Is an old Batchelor (who all his Life
Did as a *Tertian Ague* dread a Wife)
In *Hymen*'s Fetters with a Widow bound:
So Hoſpitals departing Sinners found.
But I muſt tell you, to do *Micio* right,
'Tis not his Choice, but *Demea*'s witty Spite.

Theſe

Theſe two old Dons, tho' they own Brothers are,
Agree no more than Oil and Vinegar.
But *Demea*'s Sons with mutual Friendſhip love,
As if one Soul did their two Bodies move.
*Æſchine*, his Uncle's Darling, ſhines a Beau.
At Home cloſe *Demea* keeps his *Cteſipho*;
With Books and Slaves alternate to converſe,
Now hold the Plow, now read Philoſophers.
One youthful Sally will their Lectures ſpoil;
Nature is Nature ſtill, and will recoil.
A tawdry *Songſtreſs* is the Ruſtick's Choice;
Chaſte *Pamphila* gives *Æſchine* laſting Joys.

# EPILOGUE to *ADELPHI.*

*Spoken by* MICIO *and* SOSTRATA.

*M.* YE ſtubborn Maids, ye Batchelors, take Warning;
Learn from my Fate what comes of Marriage-Scorning.
I, who ſo many Years unhurt did range
The Court, the City, Theatre, and Change;
Who living Beauties but as Pictures view'd,
And *Cupid*'s whole Artillery withſtood;

Whom

Whom Virgins ſigh'd for, Widows ſtrove to lure;
For whom Coquets were gay, and Prudes demure;
Marry paſt Sixty! not by Choice, but Doom.
" So Peccants hang, becauſe their Hour is come.

*Addreſſing* Softrata.

Since 'tis decree'd—accept the Dregs of Life;
A Nurſe were fitter for me than a Wife.

*S. Micio*, both Nurſe and Wife in me you take;
I'll warm your Sides, your Soups and Caudles make;
When Young, I was young *Simulus*'s Bride;
With him my Joys began, with him they dy'd.
For am'rous Cooing we are both too old:
No Paſſion warms me now, but charming Gold.
Deficiencies ſhall be made good with Riches,
Let me have Money; and keep you the Breeches.
Your Days I'll not diſturb with jealous Rage:
Nor Curtain-Peals ſhall chill you worſe than Age.

*M.* Too ſlight a Penance will my Fault attend,
Who now begin to wed, when I ſhould end.
We'll celebrate our Nuptials—not our Loves.

*To the Audience.*

Be generous to Night. To-Morrow we ſend Gloves.

EPI-

# EPILOGUE to *ANDRIA.*

*Spoken by* LESBIA *and* DROMO.

*D.* *Leſbia*, advance. *L.* What further Uſe, ſweet Rogue,
Is there for me? *D.* To ſpeak the *Epilogue.*
*L.* But firſt, like Council, I will have my Fee,
Before I'll open. *D.* Say, what muſt it be?
*L.* Haſte to the Cellar, fill a mighty Bowl
Of gen'rous *Cyprus*, to chear up my Soul.
*Cyprus*, or *Chios*—There can be no Harm,
For an old Midwife her chill Veins to warm.
—Come, let it ſparkle high, and crown the Cup,
Deep were it as my Grave, I'd drink it up.
—Firſt to my Miſtreſs—O delicious Creature!
—The Baby next—he 'as Daddy's ev'ry Feature.
—This to the worthy Father of the Boy.
—To this bright Circle now, who wiſh 'em Joy.
'Tis kindly done; for 'tis ſad Lying-in,
Believe me, when none comes a Goſſipping.
What lucky Stars did at her Birth preſide,
Who in one Day is Mother and a Bride?
*Greek* Laws for yielding Maids Proviſion make:
Amongſt you *Britons*, 'tis not touch and take.

Let

Let an old Woman warn you; for I fear,
Ladies, you'll find few *Pamphilus*'s here.
'Till fully known, you are all Deities;
Lovers Devotion does from Ign'rance riſe.
*Venus* may Beauty give, and warm Deſire,
And wanton *Cupids* fan the growing Fire.
But Love, 'till *Hymen* the ſoft Fetters ties,
Is fond Deluſion, and Fool's Paradiſe.
If you muſt love, pray do it with Diſcretion,
Firſt let 'em Sign and Seal, then take Poſſeſſion.
See at your Feet the Suppliant *Damon* dies:
Grant him his Suit, the faithleſs Victor flies.
Cloy'd with the firſt, he does new Loves purſue.
" Is your *Belinda* falſe, or rather you?
" Next Week ('twas ſaid) the Knot was to be ty'd:
" *Damon* the Shepherds envy'd; we the Bride.
" *Belinda*, Madam! Her I've had before,
" Were I her Huſband, could ſhe give me more?
Thus buſy Bees o'er all the Garden range,
Sip at each fragrant Flow'r, and ſipping change.
The Spoils of Innocence is what Men want,
And the laſt wretched Favour we can grant.

# EPILOGUE

TO THE

# *SELF-TORMENTOR.*

FAntaſtick Man unjuſtly does complain
Of Evils bred, like Maggots in his Brain.
How many *Self-Tormentors* do we find!
Slaves to each ſickly Paſſion of the Mind.

*Lofty*, as peeviſh as a breeding Shrew,
Thinks he has leſs, and others more than due;
Swears all, but he, are rais'd by Impudence,
Without one Grain of Honeſty, or Senſe.
That Honours court him; but is baſely us'd,
If others take the Poſt, his Pride refus'd.
Of Love, or Hate, you can no Judgment make:
He'll praiſe, or damn, for Contradiction's Sake.

„ Why pines my Lady thus with ſullen Grief?
„ The Cauſe conceal'd, how can you hope Relief?
" —To you, my faithful *Pinwell*, I'll diſcloſe
" (For thou'rt diſcreet) the Source of all my Woes.

" Know

" Know then, that *Polydore*, by me deny'd,
" *Timandra*, whom I hate, would make his Bride.
„ —What! Did you, Madam, *Polydore* approve?
" —Ah! no. But if again his Suit he'd move;
" I'd gratify my *Spite*, tho' not my *Love*.

*Acerba*'s Spouſe is to her Wiſhes kind;
Yet in that State ſhe does ſmall Comfort find.
Diſſatisfy'd, yet reigns without controul,
Plagu'd with the Yellow Jaundice of the Soul.
When *Blandus* Wit, good Humour, graceful Mien,
In others owns, ſhe is devour'd with *Spleen*;
Their Praiſes from her *Blandus* cannot bear;
Jealous as *Juno*, tho' as *Venus* fair.

*Grypus*, who *Plutus* ardently adores,
That wilful Beggar in the midſt of Stores,
Thinks himſelf curs'd, that any elſe enjoys
Thoſe harmleſs Pleaſures he himſelf denies.

What Pains to conquer did *Coſmelia* take?
Yet conquer'd only for the Triumph's Sake.
But now the proud Coquet, by Age o'er-ta'en,
Repents her Rigour, but repents in vain.

See! *Moody* walking with his Arms acroſs!
But what 'tis ails him, *Galen*'s at a Loſs.
Freſh his Complexion, ſparkling is his Eye,
And Health's gay Symptoms give Complaints the Lie.
„ Looks are deceitful; I unpity'd die.
" Would'ſt thou be well; then lay learn'd *Cheyne* down,
" Nor make each Malady, thou read'ſt, thy own.
*Doctors* for other Ills a Cure may find;
*Wiſdom* muſt heal the Sickneſs of the *Mind*.

THE

# LOVES

OF

# *HERO* and *LEANDER.*

From the *Greek* of *MUSÆUS.*

Addreſs'd to the LADIES of *Great-Britain.*

## VIRGIL *concerning* MUSÆUS.

TO theſe the Sybil thus her Speech addreſs'd:
And firſt to him ſurrounded by the reſt,
Tow'ring his Height, and ample was his Breaſt:
" Say, happy Souls, Divine *Muſæus*, ſay,
" Where lives *Anchiſes*———

*Dryd. Virg. Æn.* 6.

## *From the* Latin *Epigram of* MARTIAL.

WHILST bold *Leander* preſs'd to reach his Bride,
His arms now weary'd with the ſwelling Tide,
Waft me (he ſaid) ye Billows to my Dear,
And drown me when I quit the charming Fair.

LA-

LADIES,

IT *was not Malice but Policy made our Sex divert you as much as poſſible from the Study of the* Belles Lettres. Power, *you know, is the favourite* Paſſion: *Now it were Arrogance to claim Superiority of* Power *where there is none of* Ability; *and unreaſonable to hope for* Preference, *without ſome* Pre-eminence.

*We find by univerſal Experience, that in all the Parts of a polite and finiſh'd* Education, *which have engaged your* Attention *in common with us, you at leaſt* equal *the* beſt, *but* excel *the generality of our* Sex.

*A Man muſt be ſtupid not to obſerve (tho' we ought to be ſhy in owning it) that* You *outdo us in the* Fineneſs *of your* Parts, *as well as in the charming* Delicacy *of your* Perſons. *I appeal to* yourſelves, *is not the reſerving the Advantage of* Learning *a tacit Acknowledgment of this?*

*Ah!* Ladies, *what would become of the little* Superiority, *which with ſo much ſtruggle and difficulty we maintain, were you to receive all the* Improvements, *your Minds are capable of?*

*Since you are pleas'd to leave the* Drudgery *of ſtudying* Languages *to us; whilſt you are content to employ yourſelves in Things, without which* Life *would want moſt of its Comforts and Ornaments; it is but juſt* You *ſhould enjoy the Fruit of our Labours, and eat the* Kernel, *when we have crack'd the ſtubborn* Shell.

*To what end, do* You *think, have* Foreign Authors *been made to wear an* Engliſh Dreſs, *but to kiſs* your Hands?

*'Tis for You*, Ladies, Tranſlators *deny themſelves Sleep, waſte the Lamp of Life, and look Pale: That* You *may be acquainted with the* Wit *and* Learning *of* Greece *and* Rome, *without troubling yourſelves with their* Language, *and know what the greateſt* Genius's *of* Antiquity thought, *without examining what they* ſaid.

*Where is there a* Lady *of* polite Taſte, *that does not find Leiſure for the* Iliad *and* Odyſſy, *and allow the beſt Shelf in her gilded Cloſet, for Mr.* Pope's Homer!

*Happy! envy'd* Writer! Nireus, *were he Living, would be more ſtupid than he was Beautiful,* (*of whom* your Homer *ſays,* Iliad *Second,* v. 819.

*Nireus* in faultleſs Shape, and blooming Grace,
The lovelieſt Youth of all the *Grecian* Race)

*would he not gladly exchange Heads with him.*

*Let then Mr.* Pope *employ your ſtudious Hours:* Muſæus, *an antienter Poet than* Homer, *as ſome* Learned *have affirmed* (*and I am too well-bred to contradict 'em*) Muſæus, *the moſt tender, and harmonious of antient* Poets, *begs leave to be admitted to your* Toilet *or* Tea-Table.

*The* Subject *of the* Poem *is* Love. Hero *and* Leander *are the fond faithful* Couple, *whoſe* Paſſion *he deſcribes, whoſe* untimely Fate *he laments.*

*I have ſeen no Attempt at a* Tranſlation *of this celebrated* Piece *of* Antiquity, *before my own. I was fond of my* Author *before you were born. And if you read it with half the Pleaſure I wrote it; you will be a* ſtrong Party *for me againſt the Criticks. May the Pain of diſappointed Love befall thoſe who condemn what* (*I hope*) you *will do me the Honour to accept from,*

Ladies,

Your moſt devoted Servant.

# THE LOVES OF *HERO* and *LEANDER*.

THE Nuptial *Torch* the *Muſe*'s Art employs,
The Guide and Witneſs of nocturnal Joys,
Sing, Goddeſs, the fond Youth, who ſtem'd the Tide,
And bravely ſwam to his Night-marry'd Bride:
The Secret Nuptials, to the Morn unknown:
Fam'd *Seſtos*, and *Abidos* antient Town.
Hark! the daſh'd Waters ſtrike the liſt'ning Ear;
The Torch's ſputt'ring Blaze methinks I hear:
Which, by Fair *Hero* lighted, does impart
The faithful Meſſage of her tender Heart.
Thee, *Cupid*'s Emblem, ſhou'd *Saturnian Jove*
Have plac'd amidſt his Favourites above,
And call'd the Bride-adorning Star of Love.

For thou wert ever faithful to thy Truſt,
Till conquer'd by a Storm's impetuous Guſt.
Aſſiſt me, *Muſe*, whilſt mournful I relate
The Torch extinguiſh'd, and *Leander*'s Fate.
Phrygian *Abydos*, *Græcian Seſtos* ſtood
In View oppos'd, divided by the Flood
From *Helle* nam'd. At both, on Conqueſt bent,
*Cupid*'s ſmart Bow, his golden Arrow ſent;
Thro' Virgin *Hero*'s, and *Leander*'s Heart,
Flew in one Inſtant his unerring Dart.
He at *Abydos*, ſhe at *Seſtos* born,
Their native Cities like two Stars adorn.
Stranger, if e'er you ſhou'd to *Seſtos* go,
And ought that's curious do delight to know;
See the fam'd Tower, from whence the longing Bride
Did with her Torch her floating Husband guide.
Thence ſpread thy Canvaſs to *Abydos* Shore;
*Leander*'s fatal Love they ſtill deplore.
Say, Goddeſs, how, whom rapid Waves diſjoin'd,
Did mutual Fetters this fond Couple bind.
*Hero*, for Noble Anceſtry renown'd,
Was *Venus* Prieſteſs, and her Altars crown'd.
A Virgin Prieſteſs was no proper Choice,
Stranger to Love, averſe to bridal Joys;

Ano-

Another *Venus* ſhe—the neighb'ring Seas
Her lone Hereditary Tower ſurveys.
She modeſt, wiſely fearing Cenſure's Tongue,
Kept from th' Aſſemblies of the Fair and Young;
Nor mix'd in Dance. Women malicious are,
Superior worth their Envy *cannot bear*,
Oft to the Goddeſs, and her Son ſhe mov'd,
Her humble Suit, which neither Power approv'd.
" O hear me, gracious: guard my Virgin Heart
" From *Hymen*'s Lamp, and *Cupid*'s fiery Dart.
And urg'd her Suit with Incenſe.—But ſhe pray'd
In vain; for *Hero* muſt not die a Maid.
For now, the Year returning, came the Day,
When devout *Seſtos* ſolemn Honours pay.
(So will'd the Goddeſs) to perpetuate,
Her Love's Memorial, and *Adonis*' Fate.
Hither they haſte, the Feſtival to keep,
From the rich Iſles, that ſwell th' *Ægean* Deep.
Some from *Hæmonia*, ſome from *Cyprus* Shore,
*Cythera*'s Cities emptied all their ſtore
Of Female Vot'ries to the hallow'd Shrine,
With theſe in Chorus the blith Dancers join,
On *Libanus*' high Top who nimbly bound,
Where fragrant Incenſe fumes the Air around;
's circling Verge with lofty *Cedars* crown'd.

Num-

Numbers from *Phrygia*, and its neighb'ring Port,
*Abydos*, to the Sacred Rites resort.
*Sestos* the Feast proclaims; none stay behind,
In Beauty curious, and to Love inclin'd.
The Temple fills, gay Youth assembled there,
Less for Devotion, than to view the Fair.

Where thro' the spacious Dome the Priestess pass'd,
Her Face around a radiant Brightness cast.
So thro' the gloomy Shades the Queen of Night,
The silver Moon shines with distinguish'd Light.
Faint Blushes circling paint each lovely Cheek,
So thro' their opening Buds young Roses break.
Each fine-turn'd Limb of her's a rosy Mead;
New Flowers salute her Feet, where'er they tread.
Three Graces only did the Antients feign;
Here in each smiling Eye a hundred reign.
Thy Judgment, Goddess, this wise Choice did prove,
O fairest Offspring of Celestial *Jove!*
She Beauty's Queen on Earth, as thou above.
For all confess thy Priestess' mighty Charms;
Each wishes *Hero* in his circling Arms.
Where-e'er she travers'd, such her Mien and Gait,
All Eyes, the Hearts of all, her Motion wait.

But one, by Love made eloquent in vain,
Thus Silence broke amid'ſt th' admiring Train.
" I've travell'd *Greece*, ſeen famous *Sparta*, where
" Their Sons are valiant, and their Daughters fair:
" Where rival Beauties with each other vie,
" And the rich Palace ſhines a Galaxy.
" But amongſt Thouſands I no Virgin found
" With youthful Charms, like this, and Wiſdom crown'd.
" Thy Prieſteſs, *Venus*, can no mortal be:
" The Grace's younger Siſter waits on thee.
" Whilſt pleas'd I read the Wonders of her Face,
" My weary'd Eye-balls ake—yet muſt I gaze.
" O! Would the Fair vouchſafe me equal Love,
" Happy in her, I wou'd not envy *Jove*.
" If *Cyprian* Queen, thy Prieſteſs be deny'd,
" Grant to thy Suppliant ſuch another Bride.
Thus he admir'd and pray'd—The reſt declare
In ſilent Looks, their Paſſion, and Deſpair,
But thine, *Leander*, was too great to bear.
Her Eye quite thro' thee ſhot it's pointed Rays,
Works in thy Veins, and on thy Vitals preys.
Intranc'd, thou can'ſt not, nor wou'dſt thou controul
The ſweet Infection, that tranſports thy Soul.

*Hero*

*Hero* muſt hear the conqueſt of her Eyes,
*Hero* muſt yield: Or he without her dies;
The Prieſteſs ſhe: but he the Sacrifice.
When perfect Beauty all its Charms diſplays,
Painfully bright it ſhines, as Noon-day Rays:
As Lightning ſubtle, ſwifter than a Dart;
Wounds at the Eye, thence ſinks into the Heart.
What diff'rent Paſſions poor *Leander* move!
Now Awe; now Boldneſs: Modeſty, now Love!
Eager to ſpeak, impatient of his Pain,
Fears to diſpleaſe his fault'ring Tongue reſtrain.
When! How ſhall he th' important Secret tell,
Throbbing for Vent, too painful to conceal?
Courage prevails, the Fair he will accoſt,
Women the bold, like Fortune, favour moſt.
Reſolv'd with ſilent Steps he does advance,
Stands in her View, and darts an amorous Glance.
Whilſt thus his Eyes the Orator do play,
Reveals his own, and ſteals her Heart away.
In his fond Looks, ſhe read and well approv'd
Theſe Truths, that ſhe had Charms, and that he lov'd.
With Conqueſt pleas'd, herſelf ſhe almoſt chid;
Her Joy, her Bluſhes, and her Face ſhe hid.

Then

Then rais'd her Head, returning such a Look,
He had been worse than blind, had he mistook.
His ravish'd Soul confesses *Cupid*'s Power;
He waits impatient for a lucky Hour.
*Phœbus* declines, fair *Hesper* now succeeds;
An awful gloom thro' the wide Temple spreads.
He watch'd the Minute, prest her rosy Hand,
Fetch'd a deep Sigh, which Lovers can command.
Displeas'd she seem'd—But Silence, vanquish'd Maid,
Whilst you your Hand withdrew, your Love betray'd.
*Leander* now (Success had made him bold)
Does on her rich embroider'd Robe lay hold.
At farther distance by her Lover led,
She follows slow, half-yielding, half afraid.
She forc'd a Menace, and thus Silence broke:
—Presumptuous Stranger, durst you thus provoke
A Virgin with rude Hands? Forbear—be gone!
Dear might it stand you, if th' Affront were known.
My Parents rich and noble, keen their Rage,
Who, that is Wise, would Wealth and Power engage?
Me heav'nly *Venus* guards—thy Hopes are vain,
A Virgin Priestess dare not to profane.—)
*Leander* smil'd at her pretended Ire;
Her Female Threats add Fuel to his Fire.

When the Fair threatens, 'tis but Anger feign'd,
The Skilful knows, and half his Point is gain'd.
Her Robe he quits, again her Hand he preſt,
And thus, by Love inſpir'd, the Maid addreſs'd:
" Wiſe next *Minerva*, next thy *Venus* dear,
" For amongſt Women it Injuſtice were
" To rate ſuch heavenly Excellence as thine,
" And *Hero* muſt deſcend from Race Divine.
" Bleſt be thy Mother, to whoſe painful Throw,
" Th' admiring World does ſuch an Offspring owe.
" Yet, tho' exalted, hear my humble Suit.
" High are the Gods, whoſe darling Attribute
" Is Pity. Fated thine, let me not prove
" The lingring Torments of a hopeleſs Love.
" Think on the mighty Goddeſs, whoſe you are,
" Good as ſhe's great, compaſſionate as fair.
" Beſt ſerve by being like the Deity,
" Her Nuptial Rites, young Prieſteſs, learn of me.
" The Laughter-loving Goddeſs ne'er cou'd brook
" Veſtals, or Prudes, of ſtarch forbidding Look.
" To pleaſe your Goddeſs, and her winged Boy,
" My Sov'reign be, my Services employ:
" Thy leaſt Commands I will obſequious wait,
" But be my Bride, to make the Bliſs compleat.

" The Archer God at me took ſteady Aim,
" Deſign'd me for you, and ſecur'd the Game.
" Sly *Hermes* took *Alcides* in his Toils,
" Arm'd with a Club, and wrapt in Lyon's Spoils:
" The ſurly Warrior *Omphale* obey'd,
" Lay'd by his Club, and with her Diſtaff play'd:
" Reluctant ſerv'd the proud *Jardanian* Dame,
" Drag'd by the God. I, ſent by *Cupid*, came:
" Fair *Atalanta*, not leſs cold than fair,
" (That fam'd *Arcadian* ſure has reach'd your Ear)
" Brave *Meleager* long had woo'd in vain,
" His faithful Love ill-quitted with Diſdain.
" At laſt propitious *Cupid* took his part,
" (So *Venus* angry bid) he ſhot his Dart,
" And ply'd with all his Engin'ry her Heart.
" And now 'tis ſcornful *Atalanta*'s Turn,
" To love, to wiſh, to languiſh, ſigh and burn.
" O! let Example warn thee to revere
" The Goddeſs, and my Suit indulgent hear.
So well *Leander* urg'd his amorous Tale,
With ſuch a Grace, his artful Words prevail.
No longer now the bold Addreſs Alarms,
Her Soul approves, confeſſing all his Charms.

Well-pleas'd she heard him; but afraid to speak,
Her Blushes strew'd with rosy Light her Cheek.
Her beauteous Head declin'd, she durst not rise,
To meet the Glances of her Lover's Eyes.
On the rich Floor, with various Colours lay'd,
In thoughtful Mood her golden Slipper play'd.
Now sets her Robe. In ev'ry Act he sees,
He found the Way her Virgin Heart to please.
Her conscious Blushes shew the Mind's Intent.
And Silence is the yielding Maid's Consent.
A pleasing Pain from Love's sweet bitter Dart,
And a soft Flame diffuses thro' her Heart.
Whilst on the Ground her Eyes she silent cast,
Her iv'ry Neck he view'd, and taper Waste.
At length, resolv'd to speak, she rais'd her Head,
Her Face with humid Blushes over-spread.

" What God, O Stranger, has thy soothing Tongue
" With sweetest Accents, soft Persuasion hung?
" Than rugged Rocks, which break the foaming Sea,
" That Heart is harder, that's ungrov'd by thee.
" But Travellers are shifting as the Wind:
" In each new Harbour a new Mistress find.
" A Match we dare not publickly avow,
" For that my rigorous Parents won't allow.

" And

" And Youth's too rash a Passion to conceal.
" Each Look, each Gesture will your Flame reveal.
" Your Stay in Cits wou'd Jealousy create,
" Curious to pry, malicious to relate.
" You know me to be *Hero*: Now declare
" (But tell me truly) who, and whence you are.
From *Sestos* at small distance, on the Shore,
Lash'd by the Waves, and deaf'ned by their Roar.
A Tower high-rais'd on rocky Basis stands,
Whose weather-beaten Top the Sea commands.
" Here, thank my Parents, is my lonely Home;
" Where jocund Youth, nor blooming Virgins come.
" One Female serves for Company and Maid;
" Hoarse Winds and blustring Storms my Serenade.
Thus undisguised and artless *Hero* speaks;
Herself she blames, and veils again her Cheeks.
He stands entranc'd, struck Dumb with Love's Excess,
And silent Looks his Transports best confess.
But now the Means his labring Thought employ,
How he his glorious Conquest may enjoy.
Strange Power of Love! Who makes Mankind endure
His thrilling Arrow, then prescribes the Cure.
Perplex'd *Leander*, by his friendly Aid,
A strange Expedient found, and thus he said;

" To

" To claſp my *Hero*, and enjoy my Bride,
" Theſe Arms the riſing Billows ſhall divide.
" By me unheeded ſhall loud Tempeſts roar:
" And, were the Waves on Fire, I'd venture o'er.
" Againſt my Danger, I'll my Pleaſure weigh:
" *Hero*, and Love, the Danger will o'erpay.
" When Night ſpreads o'er the World her ſable Wings,
" Your floating Lover to your Arms ſhe brings.
" A-croſs the Flood, *Abydos* ſtands in view:
" There live I, there my infant Breath I drew.
" But on thy Tower a flaming Torch erect,
" Thro' the dark Night my Paſſage to direct.
" I *Cupid*'s Veſſel, and thy Torch my Star,
" *Orion* need not, or the reſtleſs *Car*;
" Which never ſetting round the Pole does move,
" To guide me ſwimming to the Port of Love.
" But oh! remember when the Winds blow hard,
" Think on my Danger, and the Flambeau guard.
" For, that extinguiſh'd, Life wou'd be deſtroy'd,
" And *Hero* left a Widow unenjoy'd.
" *Leander*, deareſt, is thy Husband's Name;
" The happieſt Husband of the lovelieſt Dame.
Wond'ring ſhe heard! his Courage does admire,
Accepts his Love, and glows with mutual Fire.

Conſents,

Conſents, whilſt others lie diſſolv'd in Sleep,
Herſelf wou'd light him o'er the darkſome Deep;
They'd wake to Love, and *Hymen*'s Vigils keep.
They part unwilling. He with curious Eye
Surveys Love's Port, where all his Treaſures lie.
Thence with freſh Gales is to *Abydos* born.
She to her lonely Manſion muſt return.
Long ſeems the Day, for Night's return they wait,
And Fancy does it's Bliſs anticipate.
Both ripe for Joy, and both all over Charms,
Long to be folded in each other's Arms.
The World's in Silence huſh'd: But Love denies
Soft Slumber to *Leander*'s wakeful Eyes.
Darkneſs long wiſh'd for brings the Nuptial Hour,
And *Hero* ſhews Love's Signal from her Tower.
Thro' the dark Welkin darts the chearful Gleam;
His Soul takes Fire; he haſtens to his Stream.
The Billows roaring furious ſtrike his Ear:
A while he pauſes, and begins to fear.
But Joys approaching his dampt Spirits raiſe:
*Hero*'s the Prize: Then thus, reſolv'd, he ſays:
" How ſtrong Love's Power! implacable the Main!
" But what are Waters to my burning Pain?

" Indulge

" Indulge the Flame, my Heart, nor Surges dread;
" My noble Paſſion let true Courage Aid.
" Remember *Venus* from the Sea aroſe;
" And Seas and Lovers are at her Diſpoſe.

He ſtrips, and round his Head his Tunick ties;
Darts from the Shore, and the ſtiff Tide defies,
Obliquely cutting, to elude its Weight:
Himſelf the Rower, Veſſel, and the Freight.
Whilſt from the Battlements the Torch ſhe ſhews,
Conſcious and trembling at each Blaſt that blows.
Its quiv'ring Flame her Mantle ſpread defends:
For on his Safety all her Joy depends.

Soon as the Shore his painful Arms cou'd reach,
She meets her Lover panting on the Beach.
O'er the ſharp Stones his tott'ring Step relieves,
The Gate wide open the fond Pair receives.
His Welcome there a paſſionate Careſs
Does far beyond the Power of Words confeſs.
Strait by the undiſſembling Fair he's led
To her own Chamber, and her Virgin Bed.
His well-proportion'd Limbs ſtill dropping wet,
Her Hands officious wipe, and wiping Heat:
With fragrant Odours of rich Oil remove
The fiſhy Scent, and all perfume th' Alcove.

On

On the ſoft Down ſtill panting is he plac'd,
Then *Hero* ſpake, and, as ſhe ſpake, embrac'd.
" Unheard of Pains did my *Leander* take,
" O kindeſt of thy Sex, for *Hero*'s Sake.
" The briny Drops upon thy ruby Lip
" Still hang, where little Loves their Revel keep.
" Take thy own *Hero*, and thy throbbing Head,
" And weary Limbs, be on her Boſom laid.
He now refreſh'd, and eager for his Bride,
Flew to the Quarry, and her Zone untied.
Secret the Match. No Bard his Skill diſplays,
In tuneful Song the marry'd State to praiſe.
No Muſick there: Nor active Youth advance,
To friſk a Jig, or lead the figur'd Dance.
Nor *Hymen*'s Lamps thro' the Apartment ſhine,
Nor Parents pleas'd the ſolemn Chorus join.
Still Silence dreſt the Bed, ſecur'd the Gate;
Silence and Night upon their Nuptials wait.
The roſy Morn proclaims the riſing Sun,
The Lovers Sigh; *Leander* muſt be gone.
Liſtleſs and ſlow *Abydos*' Port he gains,
*Hero* at *Seſtos*, as a Maid remains.
By Day a Virgin, but a Wife by Night,
Guards againſt Cenſure, and ſecures delight.

To them unwelcome riſes the fair Morn,
Slow drives the Sun, retarding Night's return.
Oft he repeats the Danger of the Tide,
Shoots thro' the Billows, and enjoys his Bride,
And both with Caution the ſweet Secret hide.

Too great their Bliſs for Mortals, cou'd it laſt!
For ſuch Adventures the mild Seaſon's paſt.
Rough Winter now with Nakedneſs deforms,
The Groves and Fields, the Seas with horrid Storms:
The Winds inſulting now the Surface ſweep,
Now eddying, tear the Bottom of the Deep.
The frighted Sailor mourns, himſelf ſcarce ſav'd,
On craggy Rocks his ſturdy Veſſel ſtav'd.
Nor Wind, nor Sea, nor Winter can controul
The Head-ſtrong Paſſion of *Leander*'s Soul.
He ſees Love's Signal lighted by his Dear,
Neglects his Safety, and forgets to fear.
*Hero* ſhou'd ſpare him till the Storms abate,
Nor let her Fondneſs make him tempt his Fate.

Oh! 'twas a diſmal Night, tempeſtuous, dark*,
When not in Heaven appear'd one ſtarry Spark.
When poor *Leander* raſhly quits the Land,
For faithleſs Seas—ſo Love and Fate command.

Wave

* A Line in *Lee's OEdipus*.

Wave upon Wave come rolling, on the Ground
Break dreadful, and the Sea with Heaven confound.
Sharp-cutting *Eurus* ruſhes from the *Eaſt*;
And ſweeping *Zephyrs* from the gloomy *Weſt*.
From Sultry Climes wet *Auſter* ſallies forth,
And *Boreas* thunders driving from the *North*.
Winds fight with Winds, the Sea with Fury rend,
And full-charg'd Clouds in burſting Spouts deſcend.
Stunn'd with the Craſh of elemental Strife,
*Leander* now almoſt deſpairs of Life.
Diſtreſs'd, to *Venus* does his Prayer direct,
That ſhe Love's Queen, a Lover wou'd protect,
*Venus* Sea-born. Now *Neptune* begs to lay
The furious Storm, whom Storms and Seas obey.
*Boreas* implores, for dear *Orithya*'s Sake,
His raviſh'd Bride, he wou'd ſome pity take.
In vain he pray'd, and no Aſſiſtance found;
The Gods themſelves by Deſtiny are bound.
Hurry'd along, he floats, on Billows toſt,
His reſtleſs Arms, and Feet, their Vigor loſt.
Drench'd in the briny Flood, againſt his Will,
Large, fatal Draughts his loathing Stomach fill.
The Torch extinguiſh'd, now no Light ſupplies,
And in th' *Abyſs* he guggling ſinks, and dies.

Mean while ſhe watchful ſtands, oppreſt with Cares;
Wonders he ſtays ſo long: But more ſhe fears.
*Aurora*'s Bluſhes uſher in the Light,
Chaſing too late, the Terrors of the Night.
With earneſt Ken ſhe does the Deep Survey;
*Leander* had perhaps miſtook his Way.

O killing Sight! Beneath her Tower ſhe Spies,
Where torn on Rocks, a breathleſs Coarſe he lies.
Diſtracted now, and raging with Deſpair,
Her Face ſhe tore, her golden Robe and Hair.
Of Life impatient, from the Towers's high Walls,
Ruſtling, and head-long by *Leander* falls.

Thus *Seſtian Hero*, with her Husband died,
Love join'd 'em Living, nor cou'd Death divide.

# SERIA.

——*Amoto quæramus Seria Ludo.* HOR.

Urania, *now begin a loftier Strain.* DRYD. VIRG. Ec. 4.

## *On TIME.*

TIME is a Talent which Fools value moſt,
Like Health and happy Innocence, when loſt.
O'er what is gone, nor Man, nor Fate has pow'r;
And nothing 's certain but the preſent Hour.
What Madneſs 'tis th' important *Now* to waſte?
One preſent Minute 's worth whole Ages paſt.
Unjuſtly Man of his ſhort Life complains;
The Stake well-manag'd endleſs Treaſure gains.
Why dreams the Poet of immortal Bays?
Or why do fighting Heroes hope to raiſe,
By ravag'd Countries, ſlaughter'd Hoſts, their Fame?
By Pyramids to eternize their Name?
Vain Hopes on future Ages to depend!
There's nothing laſting that muſt have an End.
Time with created Nature firſt began;
Short is its Date; its Meaſure but a Span.

Eternity

Eternity 's a Circle without Bound;
Time, but the Centre of an endleſs Round.
The Streams, which burſting from ſome Mountain's ſide
Swoln to a River, in deep Channels glide;
Now ſtraight, now ſportive in Meanders play;
But ſtill inceſſant keep their humid Way.
'Till in the briny Deep they loſe their Names,
The *Ganges*, *Danube*, or the ſilver *Thames*.
Like them Time reſtleſs flows; like them ſhall be
Loſt in the Ocean of Eternity.
The Moon, the gliſtring Stars, th' unweary'd Sun,
Who firſt with Time their glorious Race begun,
Meaſure its Motions, and divide the Year,
With Time their Race ſhall end, and diſappear.

## *The* WISDOM *of* BELIEVING.

Ὀυκ ἐςιν ὃ ἕνεκα ἀν θεος ψεύδοιτο. Plat.

THOU Spring of Life and Thought, the Soul, impart
(If known the Secret) What, and Whence thou art.
'Ere Parents join, doſt thou exiſt, or not?
Art thou created, or art thou begot?
Do by Tradition *George* and *Caroline*
Confeſs'd in their *illuſtrious Iſſue* ſhine?

Created

Created if thou wert; then Where; and How
For Ages paſt laidſt thou conceal'd till now?
If Inactivity thou couldſt not bear;
What various Shapes of Body didſt thou wear?
By Tranſmigration doſt thou Shifting paſs:
And modeſt *F**r* is what *Toland* was?
By the ſame Soul does *Sarum C*b* indite,
As pious *Hobbs* of *Malmsbury* did write?
That thou art *Spirit* from thy Maker know,
Who did thy Being, and thy Pow'rs beſtow.
How mov'ſt thou Matter, light, æthereal Thing,
And to the Body's Actions giv'ſt the Spring?
How do its Organs Pleaſure give, or Pain?
Whence raiſe thy Paſſions, Fondneſs, or Diſdain?
How elevate thy Hope; how move thy Fear?
And how inform thee by the Eye and Ear?
How in that little World doſt thou reſide,
To which thou'rt Life, to which thy Will's a Guide?
Quite thro' thy Realms thou omnipreſent art:
All in the Whole, and whole in ev'ry Part.
But, at thy Pleaſure, thy precarious Reign,
Thou neither can'ſt reſign, nor yet retain.
And dar'ſt thou ſacred Myſteries deny,
Who to thy ſelf art ſuch a Myſtery?

To give us Knowledge human and divine,
*Senſe*, *Reaſon*, *Faith*, their friendly Forces join.
Each to the Mind becomes a faithful Guide,
When to their proper Objects they 're apply'd.
From diff'rent Organs diff'rent Pleaſures riſe,
Muſick our Ear, and Painting charms our Eyes.
Nature with Joy the riſing Sun proclaims:
I hear the mounting Lark, and bleating Lambs.
Warm'd and enlightned by his genial Ray,
I truſt my *Senſes*, and confeſs 'tis Day.
Who 's that the Velvet Cuſhion now enjoys?
*Tunely*: My faithful Ear aſſerts his Voice.
But what he does with Emphaſis recite,
My Reaſon tells me *Tillotſon* did write.
*Senſe* to the Mind God's Oracles conveys:
Their Import *Reaſon* next maturely weighs.
That they are true by *Faith* the Mind agrees.
Diſtinct their *Powers*, diſtinct their *Office* is.
What *Reaſon* can't demonſtrate, *Faith* reveres.
*Stanley* is blind; but to Perfection hears †.
The prudent Merchant in purſuit of Gain,
Ventures his Fortunes on the ſtormy Main,
To Men unknown; to Lands he never trod;
But wiſer *Pyrrho* will not truſt his God.

† *The celebrated blind Organiſt.*

Where's thy Obedience, if he be the Lord?
And is he *Truth*; and dar'ſt thou doubt his *Word*?
What you confeſs, demonſtrate; if you can.
Then boldly aſk, Does GOD converſe with Man?

Conceited *Reaſoner*, think on *Dives'* Fate;
To *Prophets* deaf, by Death *convinc'd* too late:
What in few *Days* a Feaver's Rage could waſte,
Now unconſum'd in *endleſs* Flames muſt laſt.

Oh! that ſome pitying Angel would reveal
To *Dives'* Brethren, what I tortur'd feel!
—The Libertines deſpiſe what *Moſes* wrote;
*Senſe*, and themſelves, their Guide: by *Senſe* they ſhall be taught.

No more againſt thy Happineſs diſpute,
Leſt Vengeance thy falſe Arguments confute.
He *reaſons* beſt, who humbly does *believe*.
What *Truth* Divine has ſaid, for *Truth* receive.

## *A Midnight's Contemplation.*

I.

STretch'd on his Bed the weary Lab'rer lies,
And balmy Sleep cloſe ſeals his Eyes,
'Till *Lucifer* calls forth the Sun.
Around my Couch Night's Curtain's ſpread,
Dark as the Manſions of the Dead,
Thoughtful I wake, 'ere half her Courſe is run.

II.

O *Act Eternal!* who do'ſt *Iſrael* keep,
Thou never Slumber know'ſt nor Sleep.
To thee alike are Day and Night.
Thy Palace's unbounded Space,
Fill'd with the Brightneſs of thy Face,
The Sun's but Darkneſs to its glorious Light.

III.

Reſtleſs Ambition, and diſtracting Cares,
Deluſive Hopes, and idle Fears,
Be Strangers to my waking Thought.
O! let my Meditation be
Early employ'd, my God, on Thee,
Thy Law, thy Truth, the Wonders Thou *haſt wrought.*

IV. Dark

IV.

Dark as this Hour the World in Embryo lay,
(The Spirit hov'ring o'er the Deep)
A formleſs indigeſted Heap,
'Till thy Command call'd forth the Day.
Then the fair Firmament appear'd,
Then Earth her Head above the Waters rear'd.

V.

Her Boſom Flowers and Fruits and Herbs adorn,
Stars deck the Heav'ns. The bluſhing Morn
Wakes to his Race the new-born Sun,
Nature to chear with genial Light,
And rule the Day. The Queen of Night,
The ſilver Moon, her ſilent Courſe does run.

VI.

With ſcaly Shoals, at thy creating Word,
The teeming Waters next are ſtor'd.
Here the huge Whale his Paſtime finds,
The ſwift-finn'd Dolphins wanton play,
Now dive, now leap, now ſcud away.
Various their Forms, and numberleſs their Kinds.

VII.

Let there be feather'd Fowl, th' Almighty ſaid,
Legions of feather'd Fowl appear:
Some range the Groves: Some mount in Air,
Sure pois'd on Pinions firmly made:
Others as fearleſs quit the Shore,
Traverſe the limpid Stream, each Foot an Oar.

VIII.

Now let wild Beaſts and gentler Cattle come
From the new Earth's prolifick Womb:
Their Mother ſhall provide 'em Food;
Reptiles and Inſects ſhall maintain:
For nothing made is made in vain.
Thus Thou created'ſt all, and all was good.

IX.

Let us make Man (ſaid GOD)! our Image ſhine
In his fair Form, and Life divine
Above the reſt this Creature raiſe.
Him let whatever lives obey,
That moves on Earth, in Air, or Sea.
Let him his Maker know, his Maker praiſe.

*The Fool hath ſaid in his Heart, There is no* GOD.

I.

DEluded Atheiſt, only look
In fair created Nature's Book.
There from each Object, you diſcern
By keeneſt Senſes, wond'ring learn
The glorious Power of Heav'n's Eternal King;
By whoſe Almighty *Fiat*, all,
That fills this ſpacious Ball,
Or bounds it, did from fertile *Nothing* ſpring.

II.

Mingled in dark Confuſion lie
The jarring Seeds of Moiſt and Dry,
Of Hot and Cold, a ſhapeleſs Heap!
'Till, hov'ring o'er the wat'ry Deep,
The Spirit Form and Harmony beſtow'd.
To *Wiſdom*, not to *Atoms* hurl'd
By giddy *Chance*, the World
Its ſolid Strength, and matchleſs Beauty ow'd.

III.

Thy Works do in their very Frame
Thy Power, and Art divine, proclaim,

But

But we, Thy Ranſom'd, gracious LORD!
From Death and Sin to Life reſtor'd,
In Songs triumphant praiſe Thee, and confeſs
(Since Love divine with Wiſdom join'd,
And Power to ſave Mankind)
The *Mercy* greater: not the *Wonder* leſs.

## *Chriſtmas-Day.*

I.

AWake, my Soul! and hail the Morn,
That uſhers in the glorious Day:
A Virgin travell'd; GOD is born;
To Royal *Bethlem* ſpeed thy Way.
Mounted on Contemplation's ſilver Wing,
With Oraiſons adore the new-born King.

II.

Behold! the Stranger Star to Earth,
Proclaims the *Monarch*'s wondrous Birth.
Hark! Angels ſing the Birth-day Song;
Whilſt *Judah*'s echoing Hills rebound,
And Golden Harps the Symphony prolong,
Glad Shepherds liſten to the heav'nly Sound.

III. "Glory

III.

" Glory to God on High! (they ſing,)
" And Peace to happy Earth deſcend;
" To Man, from Heaven's offended King,
" 'Twixt Men let angry Diſcord end.
The Prince of everlaſting Peace is born;
Good-will and Harmony his Reign adorn.

IV.

Where haſte ye? Tell me, gentle *Swains*,
And leave your fleecy Flocks behind,
Who bleating graze thoſe verdant Plains;
A *Shepherd* and a *Lamb* to find.
Believers are that *Shepherd*'s ſacred Fold;
That *Lamb* the Victim is, ſo long foretold.

## *A Midnight Thought in Sickneſs.*

I.

WHO knows the Horror and Deſpair,
Which in the Dark unwholeſome Cell,
Of *Inquiſition*, Papal Hell,
The wretched Priſ'ners bear?
If innocent, himſelf can only gueſs
What weighty Woes a guilty Soul oppreſs.

See

II.

See o'er the Waves the Gally ride!
A hundred Slaves inceſſant ſtrain,
Whoſe whip-gall'd Sides and ratling Chain
Proclaim their Tyrant's Pride.
Their pamper'd Tyrants, who vile Luſts obey,
Are faſter bound, are veryer Slaves than they.

III.

Ten thouſand Spots the Leopard mark,
Which Time itſelf cannot diſplace,
The ſable Moor, as Midnight dark,
Shall never change his Face.
But what's the ſable Moor, the ſpotted Brute,
To him, whoſe Soul invet'rate Sins pollute!

IV.

Ah! who the weight of Guilt can eaſe?
Its Wo remove, O Lord, but Thee?
Sin's ſhackled Slave who can releaſe,
And ſet the Captive free?
O Gracious change, (for Thou canſt all things do,)
The Leopard's Spots, and Ethiopian's Hue.

V.

Happy the Man, whoſe wand'ring Heart
Thou deigneſt to reclaim by Smart.

A Father's Fondneſs for a Son
Is in th' Affliction ſhewn.
I'll bleſs thy chaſt'ning Hand, whilſt Pain denies
Reſt to my Limbs, and Slumber to my Eyes.

VI.

My conſcious Heart, e'en ſunk with Fear,
When e'er thou ſeem'ſt to hide thy Face,
Revives, when Mercy makes me hear
The ſweet Returns of Grace.
Then ſuch refreſhing Streams of Pleaſure flow,
As none but pardon'd Penitents can know.

VII.

So when black Storms the Sun o'er-caſt,
The Herds forſake the flow'ry Lawn,
The frighted Birds to Covert haſte,
'Till the dark Veil 's withdrawn.
His Beams more glorious for th' Eclipſe appear,
And Joy o'erſpreads the brightned Hemiſphere.

## *On the 30th of* January, 173$\frac{4}{5}$.

I.

BLeſt MARTYR! for whoſe Fate,
And our Forefathers Crimes, we weep,
And ſtill the ſad Memorial keep:
From bleſt Abodes could'ſt Thou look down,
Thou would'ſt with Pity own
*Britannia*'s Suff'rings, as her Guilt, are great.
Twice Eight Hundred Years before,
Like thee, by his own Subjects try'd.
A Crown of Thorns thy *Maſter* bore:
The World's Great Sov'reign as a Traytor dy'd.

II.

How was *Britanniá* toſt!
Forc'd for twelve diſmal Years t' engage
With adverſe Storms of civil Rage.
A Tempeſt by fell Furies ſent,
So long, ſo violent:
Her faithful Pilot and her Rudder loſt.
Some, to prevent the Wreck,
Fir'd with Diſdain and Pity try'd.
Triumphant Rebels mann'd the Deck,
And cruſh'd by Numbers loyal Heroes dy'd.

III. How

III.

How glorious did ariſe
Th' auſpicious Day, that brought us Peace!
The Winds are huſh'd, and Tempeſts ceaſe:
Glad *Britains* hail their rightful Lord,
Their *Church* with him reſtor'd.
The baſe Uſurper's Heir to Covert flies:
Safety to guilty State
Wiſely preferring, drops the Crown,
His Head unequal to the Weight;
And Royal *Charles* aſcends his Father's Throne.

IV.

Ah! too indulgent King,
Forgiveneſs might to thee belong:
Thoſe ne'er forgive, who do the Wrong.
*Faction* and *Schiſm*, like dull Clay,
Harden by the Sun's warm Ray.
The cheriſh'd Vipers hiſs, again would ſting.
Thy darling *Abſolom*
Rebellion's dire Infection caught,
And madly to ſupplant thee fought:
Yet fell not, but by his ſtern Uncle's Doom.

V.

Gloomy *York* aſſerts his Right,
And Locuſts ſwarm all o'er the Land.
Rough *Britons* lawleſs Force withſtand,
Urg'd by their Danger to endure
A *Revolution* Cure.
The Royal *Meteor* blaz'd, then vaniſh'd quite.
Illuſtrious *George*, from hence
Learn timely to beware of thoſe
Who importune thee to diſpenſe
With Laws, that guard thee from inteſtine Foes.

VI.

Will impious Men ne'er ceaſe
To trouble happy *Britain*'s Peace?
Inſulting Monarchs in their Urns!
Young mimick Regicides repeat
The Deed of *Forty Eight*,
And triumph in the Sin, their Country mourns.
O *Guardian* of our Laws!
Aſſert thy Dignity and State:
Avenge on thoſe a Monarch's Cauſe,
Who Heav'n defy, and its Vicegerents hate.

## *In Martyrium* Car. I. *Angliæ Regis.*

CAROLE, ſi ſentis fletus lachrymaſq; tuorum,
Noſtra quidem plus te quam tua damna movent.
Peccavere Patres; ſeros ea cura Nepotes,
Tangit, & innocuis te periiſſe nocet.

*Thus tranſlated,*

*Charles*, if *Britannia*'s Tears to him are known,
Pities our Sufferings, and forgets his own.
His Royal Blood was by our Fathers ſpilt:
And we ſtill bear th' unexpiated Guilt.

## JEPTHAH'S *Vow.*

WHEN *Jepthah* came from *Iſrael*'s ſlaughter'd Foes,
To greet her Sire, his duteous Daughter goes.
Unhappy Congreſs! Too officious Haſte!
Thou know'ſt not, Fair One, what a Vow has paſt.
Too dearly was the fatal Conqueſt won,
By which the childleſs Conqueror's undone:
How his Soul labours with the dubious Strife,
Betwixt *Religion*, and a *Daughter*'s Life!
Forbear the Blow. Thy Vow will beſt be pay'd,
Not by a bleeding, but a ſpotleſs Maid.

*On reading King* Staniſlaus's *Letter to his Friends.*

WHEN the *Diſciple*, duteous Zeal inſpir'd,
His loyal Heart with Indignation fir'd,
His keen-edg'd Sabre reſolute he drew,
And ſingle on th' inſulting Rabble flew.
" Sheath, ſheath thy Sword, (his peaceful Maſter ſaid)
" Th' *Almighty*'s Will muſt ever be obey'd.
" Not armed Legions ſhall my Throne ſupport:
" Thy *Sov'reign* is above an earthly Court."
With *Staniſlaus* this great Exemplar ſway'd,
When to his brave unhappy Friends he ſaid:
" Conſult your Country's Peace, obey her Laws.
" It is decreed—Your Prince gives up the Cauſe.
" *Auguſtus* that you 're Loyal muſt allow;
" But what was *Duty* once, were *Faction* now.
" Your Blood 's too dear a Purchaſe of a Crown:
" Thoſe Arms for me you took, for me lay down."
Illuſtrious *Prince*, without a Kingdom Great!
Ambition who renounce, and Tumults hate,
The World will own thy Royal Virtues fit
For better Sceptres than what thus you quit.
A Crown reſign'd will laſting Glory bring,
A ſuff'ring Hero 's greater than a King.

To

## To the Memory of Mrs MARY LUCK, who dy'd *March* 13. *A. D.* 1718. *Æt.* 38.

——*The riſing Day renews the Year,*
*A Day for ever Sad, for ever Dear.* Dryd. Virg. Æn. 5th.

LISTEN, ye Fair ones, to th' inſtructive Praiſe,
Which to the Dead a grateful Husband pays.
Nor let the worthy Living be diſpleas'd,
None Envy; for none flatter the deceas'd.
By Nature ſhe was form'd each Senſe to treat,
As opening Roſes, Orange-Bloſſoms ſweet.
Strait as tall *Cedars*, as the Morning fair,
No harſh loud Accents diſcompos'd the Ear.
Her loving, faithful Heart employ'd her Tongue,
Her Speech harmonious, as the *Syren*'s Song.
Tender the Touch, delicious was the Lip,
As Flowers, when Bees their liquid Nectar ſip.
Exterior Objects ſhort-liv'd Joys diſpenſe:
Some faintly touch, and ſome oppreſs the Senſe.
Who marries only to oblige his Eye,
May, for a Wife, an uſeleſs Picture buy.
If Virtue and Diſcretion don't combine,
Women but Counters are, not current Coin.
Frowns criſp the Brow, Time furrows the ſmooth Face,
On which a-while you did ſo fondly gaze:
The Charmer's gone, the Fool, or Fury ſtays.

To

To a fair Form, both Grace and Nature join'd,
In her, the nobler Beauties of the Mind.
Born to delight the happy Man ſhe lov'd;
Her Pleaſures ever were by his improv'd.
Beſt pleas'd, when pleaſing moſt; this was her Care;
Not *Sarah*, more did her lov'd Lord revere.
Th' inſidious Whiſper did provoke her Hate,
That lurking Poiſon of the marry'd State,
No Scandal wou'd ſhe hear, nor loud Debate.
Merit in others did with Pleaſure own;
Amongſt the worthieſt was a Foil to none.
She ask'd no Secret, nor, what known, reveal'd;
With her 'twas ſafe, as with a Signet ſeal'd:
With weak Impertinence wou'd ne'er intrude
On ſilent Thought, and ſtudious Solitude.
Prudence and Bounty modell'd her Expence,
Her Table ſpread with frugal Elegance.
Her Friends ſhe treated, and the Poor reliev'd,
And their beſt Thanks in ardent Prayers receiv'd.
Be Wives, who Paſſion wou'd not daſh, nor cloy,
Fond with good Manners; modeſt, but not coy.
Wou'd they for ever pleaſe? Let all they do,
From mutual Love, as well as Duty flow.
*Compliance* is to Power the wiſeſt Way,
Women have moſt command, who beſt obey.

*March* 13th,
A.D. 1734.

6 NO 61

# POEMATA
## QUÆDAM
# LATINA.

Auctore R. LUCK, A. M.

BRITISH MUSEUM

## *Ad* POSTHUMUM. †

——*Noſtri farrago Libelli.* Juv.

DE Te ſollicitus quid cenſet amiculus, etſi
Nemo Tibi melius Te, POSTHUME, conſulit, audi:
Si vacet, et lubeat, ſi lætus fœnore Nummos
Jam modico jubeat quamvis augere Senatus. *
Mundities menſæ ſimplex Tibi rure placebat,
Atque focus ſplendens, et non damnoſa ſuppellex.
Nunc eadem, ſit mens, ea cura Salutis in Urbe,
Nec Stomachum ſtimulet caupona, ſed Aura ſalubris
Circi, matutina Fori vel jurgia, Judex
Stertit ubi, rumpit dum *Stentor* voce columnas.
Parta labore fames juvat, arte parata fateſcit;
Deterit; aſſiduâ ut ſubigit qui cote, ſecurim:
Conductos laſſant ut Equos calcare Togati.
Ad lautam Magnis, magnus ſatis ipſe et amandus,
Tu cœnam quoties aderis conviva; valere
Si cupias, metues vitiatas tangere carnes,
Queis Cocus ingenuum nimiâ abſtulit arte ſaporem.——

† *This Gentleman was born after his worthy Father's Death.*

* A. D. 1717. *When this was writ, the Parliament had reduced the Intereſt of Money to* 5 l. per Cent.

Magnorum quam ſit fallax aliquando Culina,
Exemplo, ni faſtidis audire, docebo.
Auguſtam noſti Villam placidoſque receſſus
Ruris, ubi fœlix MÆCENAS nobilis otî
Deliciis, Aulæ fruitur, quam deſpicit, iris.
Aulæ grande decus quondam, dum Diva regebat,
Par vel Avo pietate ſuo, felicior armis.
Nunc, Nymphis non Pane minùs dilectus, *Alumni*
Egregii tutatur opes augetque relictas,
Excolit ingenium Muſis, et Moribus ornat.
Hanc adiit *Balatro*, gratus conviva, facetus
Sive movere jocos, ſeu reſpondere: Patrono
Qui ſæpe innocuo lenibat ſeria ludo.
Plebëos mores, curas, et gaudia novit,
Quid cupiant, doleantve; hinc riſum aut jurgiaceu vult
Excitat, et celeres animos rapit huc, rapit illuc.
Sed tibi notus homo: huic dudum quod contigit audi.
Tecta ſubit, Domino dictâ acceptaque ſalute,
Ad notam properat latranti ventre culinam;
Jus ubi ſorbillans, ut cœnæ poſſet opimæ
Ferre moras, pro more cocum (cui pectus aceto
Perfuſum quoque) ſic agitat, cane pejus et ursâ.
« Credo ſuburbanæ veneris reſtinguitur ignis;
« Nondum, adeò fugitas uſum piperiſque ſaliſque

Heus!

‘ Heus ! cave ſis, gelido quæ pendet ſtiria naſo
‘ Nec cadat in patinam : ſed nares tu carioſas
‘ Emungis digitis, et polluis omnia tactu.
“ Quæ te polluerat, cum primum huc (credo) *metallis
“ Veniſti eductus, Phlegetonte et ſulphure tinctus ?
‘ Ut mores mutavit honos ! pauperculus olim,
‘ Sediſti ad Pontem eluvies ubi totius Urbis
‘ Volvitur in Thameſim, laganum ſartagine verſans
‘ Stridenti ; felix obolo ſi vendere poſſes.
‘ Ludicra ſed quoniam voluit Fortuna jocari,
‘ Nunc audis Cocus, et magnâ dominare Culinâ
“ Scribebas quoties olim tu, ad ſcrinia frigens,
“ Fragmina verborum, et voces in fine reciſas ?
“ Quas ideò curtas, quia totas ponere neſcis.
‘ Quam malè junctarum diſcordia fragmina rerum
‘ Apponis Domino variâ farragine ! lumbos
‘ Semeſi leporis, galli femur, anſeris una
‘ Cum pedibus jecur, atque fugacis viſcera damæ,
‘ Cum vituli capite acciſi, vervecis et armo
‘ Elixas offas bovis, et de clunibus apri,
‘ Faſtidit grex ſervorum quodcunque ſuperbus.
‘ Forſan, quæ eſt hominis dementia (ſed prohibete,

* *From* Cornwall.

‘ Au-

‘ Aurigæ, ſcelus hoc) cultrum experietur equinis
‘ In coriis aliquando et fient lora Minutal.
Non tulit ulteriùs Cocus, irâ atque ignibus ardens,
Torva tuens, madidâ meditatur prælia mappâ.
Deriſor velox fugit hoſtem abdomine tardum.
Elapſum dolet ille, et rauco murmure fatur.
I, ſane, quo dignus abi; veniſſe pigebit,
Improbe; ſic moniti cultrum experiemur et artem,
Atque tibi, *Balatro*, fient tua lora Minutal.
Impiger, iracundus inexorabilis exit
Ad ſtabulum; Balatronis ubi pendebat ab unco
Frænum, penè recens, et adhuc fulgens Orichalco;
Quale tui Artifices cudunt, *Rippona*, caballis.
Aufert Lora Cocus clam levia, candida, lata,
Qualia Amatores manibus contingere gaudent,
*Mævia* cum, juvenum turbâ comitante, virago
Inſequitur lepores, truditve in retia cervum.
Secta domat triduum totum ferventibus undis.
Oſtrea, Lucrinis quæ certent, ovaque ſucci
Eximii, accedit gallinæ filius albæ,
Fruſtula conditæque thymo redolentia carnis;
Quæ cuncta exactâ miſcet ratione ſaporum:
Diſcipulum dicas Catii, Aufidiique miniſtrum,
Eöis tum nata jugis dat aromata, merces

*Belgia* quas vendit ſtolidis aſtuta *Britannis*,
Qui melius poterant propriis afferre carinis.
Hæc oruſto includit domum perfecta ſubacti
Pollinis, et dulci perfundit piſta Falerno.
In mensâ dubiæ flagrant obſonia cœnæ:
Præ cunctis has nare dapes perſentit odorâ,
Et *Balatro* unus edit; repetitæ ſæpe placebant.
Mox Cocus exclamat (nam ſtabat ad oſtia ridens
Fraudibus) "Heus! ipſas etiam conſumis habenas?
"Parce, puer, ſtimulis, et, ſi potes, utere Loris.
"Intus habes. Ridere omnes. *Balatro* ſed, adeſo
Ceu nato Tereus, immane furit; modò pallet,
Ut Luna, occiduo modò Sole magis rubet irâ.
Nec mora, nec requies Stomacho; quin egerit omnes
Ore cibos, Lora exoſus, cœnamque, Cocumque.

## *Utram harum mavis accipe.*

TORPENS ignavo prorepit corpore Macra
Perſtrepit argutâ voce Puſilla domum
Pulchra Chloë concinna parum Nigrina ſuperbit
Nulla caret vitio Forma Colorve ſuo.

## *The Bright* GOD *of* DAY, *&c.*

SPLENDIDUS currum Heſperias ad undas
Phœbus ornatum radiis agebat,
Dulce cum pingit modico rubore
Veſper Olympum.

Cum levis Procne vacuis in agris
It, redit, ludens rapido volatu:
Seque per terras duplicata rerum
Porrigit umbra.

*Cælia* in grato reſidens receſſu
Quam prope halavit faba flore multo, et
Recreans auras Zephyrus tepentes
Sparſit odores.

*Cælia* haud tutò aſpicienda cuiquam,
Mulſit arbuſtum penitus canendo,
Mollibus chordas digitis pererrans,
Docta modorum.

Dum *Specus* cantat *Roſeos*, fideſque
Perſonant tactæ, modulante Nymphâ;
Auribus captæ volucres in omni
Arbore ſidunt.

Quin

Quin apes, flavi memores laboris
Dum domum ſuaves referunt odores,
Melos argutum bene temperantes,
Murmura miſcent.

Venit allabens Zephyris Cupido;
Hæc ciet chordas leviter tremontes:
Hic, modum ſervans, humeros reductis
Verberat alis;

Proximis Eccho latitans ſub Antris,
Audit, et Divûm placidas ad auros,
*Celiæ* totos iterare cantus
Fida, remittit.

Cautus abſcedat procul hinc, Amoris
Qui graves curas timet experiri;
Vulnera intentat geminata Formæ
Muſica juncta.

Ah! miſer, fruſtra metuens periculi
Lucidos Nymphæ fugitas ocellos:
*Celiam* dulce audieris canentem,
Voce peribis.

*—Ut cautus eſt, ubi nihil opus eſt!* Ter.

CRISPUS ſe juvenem, patrias aucturus opellas,
Vendit in amplexus ambitioſus Anûs.
Vix tandem illa Virum cumulatum morte relinquit.
Felicem thalamis jam licet eſſe novis.
Scilicet hoc, *Criſpi* duros miſerata dolores,
Promiſit viduos *Flavia* queſta toros.
Eja! age, quid ceſſas?—— "In me mora non erit ulla:
"*Flavia* ſed poſcat, ſi velit eſſe meam.
"Sum dives, Regi charus, me judice nunquam
"Impune admittit ruſtica turba nefas.
In *Pyrrhâ* ſpretus mox hæret Virgine; tecta
Paulum diſtat enim culpa pudicitiæ. *
Nupta metum ſimulat. Sapiens ſibi præparat ille,
Sandipilam, certus vincere, ſive mori.
Non opus impensâ ſane. Vice fungitur ipſa
Sandipilæ ſponſo juncta puella ſeni!

* *The young Lady had by chance a By-blow.*

*—Honos erit huic quoque pomo.* Virg.

OSTENDUNT ubi nunc nudos vacua Atria muros,
Hic Arbor nuper floruit, una nemus.
Vere novo florum bicolor ſplendebat honore,
Quot vel *Pæſtanum* Flora coronat agrum.
Autumnoque (adeo favit Pomona) rubebat
Tot pomis, flores quot tulit illa prius.
Hâc plures menſæ ſuffecit nulla placentas,
Nec latices gratos pluribus ulla cadis.
Cum carne et cæpâ ſuaves miſcebat odores:
*Damnonii* inventum, deliciaſque coci!
Fertilis illa quidem, at nimium vicina feneſtræ,
Et denſa obſcurum reddidit umbra diem.
Sic durus voluit Dominus, qui dulcia pulchris
Poſthabuit, ferro concidit icta gravi.
Proxima labentis tremuerunt tecta fragore.
In fontem attonitis, Tave, recurris aquis.
Suſque puerque unà recubans ſub tegmine Mali,
Prandebant dulces poma caduca dapes.

Huc pluviâ fugit quoties urgente Viator!
Ah! quoties tamis vos cecinistis, Aves!
Ergo Te meritò, totius gloria pagi,
Lugent Sus, Puerûm turba, Viator, Aves.
Accipite, O vestri luctûs solatia, Fructus,
Jam pars facta Molæ, quos dedit ipsa premit.

*This celebrated* Apple-Tree *was cut down by Mr.* L. H. *growing in the Vicarage Court at* Tawton Eps; *and part of its Limbs were converted to the Service of a Cyder-Mill; by way of Atonement to* Pomona *its Patroness.*

# BOUTS RIMES.

*An Extempore Translation from the* English, *said to be writ by the Honourable Sir* W. Y——ge, *Bart.*

OSCULA figamus cupidi: cum Passere Turtur
Nos doceant, Cypriæ qui placuere Deæ.
Tardus Adamus erat solus: cum traditur Eva,
Inventus subitò muneris usus erat.
Carmine non stupidas effuderat ille querelas:
Gaudia, sed præsens quæ dedit hora, rapit.
Corripuit Sponsam, rectæ non insçius ansæ.
Tædam, Phæbe, dabas; præbuit herba torum.
Illic quid facerent ecquid dubitatis, amantes?
Nec pudor huic obstat, nec timor, Eva, tibi.

## *Ad Honorabilem Virum,* H. R. *Arm.*

*——Regnum, et diadema tutum*
*Deferas uni, propriamque Laurum,*
*Quiſquis ingentes oculo irretorto*
*Spectat acervos.*

MAgnas temnere opes prope res eſt, credite Amici,
Unica, quæ poſſit facere et ſervare beatum.
Præcipuè Liber, qui nil cupit, atque repulſæ
Securus neſcit faſtidia ferre potentum,
Qui donare queant, quæ non natura requirit.
Non hunc ſplendenti Regina Pecunia curru
Captivum imperioſa trahit. Donare pudicum
Se Patriæ civem ſtudioſus, cætera mandat
Fortunæ: Gratus ſanè laudare manentem,
Nec triſtis fugiente: Sibi ſubmittere doctus
Res fruitur vitæ felix quocunque colore.
Mane Salutator non ſedulus obſidet Orbos,
Officio arrepens humili, ſcelerumve miniſter.
Nam qui divitiis inhiat, nil turpe recuſat:
Eſt huic, eſt animus Recti contemptor, emique
Qui Virtute putet bene, quod ſic ſplendeat, Aurum.
Diis venerabilior Patronus juſſerit, ibit
In ſcelus omne. Placet Virgo vix nubilis annis?
Traditur ipſa ſui manibus patris Iphigenia. Si

Si neget illa pudens, inſtat precibuſque miniſque
Leno parens: (adeò concordia rara Pudori
Eſt et Avaritiæ)——'Tanto n'pugnabis amanti?
'Quem cuperet ſapiens ultro ſibi, læta rogari.
'Nequicquam ſanè pulchra, ambitione remota.
'Gloria ſi te nulla movet; quin reſpice Patrem,
'Quem non parva manet tam pulchræ gratia prolis.
'Ædilis nam quis? Quæſtor quis? Scriba? Tribunus?
'Filia nempe domi cui ſit, vel ſponſa, ſororve
'Egregia: Ad magnos Formâ nunc itur honores.
'Ruſtica, ne tua ſit virtus damnoſa duobus.
Parva queror, dum ſic virtus perit unius atque
Fama domûs, nec-dum peſtis permanat ad omnes.
Quid, ſi corripitur ſimili ſacra Curia morbo?
Heu Patria! heu Pietas! heu Virtus priſca, Fideſque!
Venales Patriam tradunt; Legionibus Urbes
Pacatas frænare monent, terrere Quirites.
Libertas quibus eſt vitâ et pretioſior auro,
Invenies raros: Ut multum, forte ducentos.
Compilat ſocios Verres? lenire Tribunal
Muneribus blandus ſcit: nempe Foro utier hoc eſt.
Improba ſic Vulpes, ingenti cæde peractâ
Altilium, caudam laqueo deprenſa, reciſâ
Parte fugit, præda damnum mediocre rependens.

Mitto

Mitto malas artes hominum, mendacia, fraudes
Iſtorum, quos urget amor ſceleratus habendi.
Attento uſque novis opibus, præſentibus uti
Non vacat: Urget opus, dum præ lucro omnia ſordent.
Annonam hinc avidi vilem metuere Coloni:
Pacem, qui magnis Legionibus imperitârunt:
Litem odit Matho compoſitam, vacuumque Tribunal:
Florentemque genam Archigenes annumque ſalubrem.
Non minor anxietas, quam quærere, parta tueri.
Viſceribus terræ quanto molimine ſervi
Effodiuntur opes! curâ majore miſelli:
Servantur Domini: Labor eſt utrique moleſtus:
Sponte tamen miſer hic; operam facit ille coactus.
Prædia viſurus Phidon procul urbe remota,
Piſciculos obolis emit ſibi mane duobus,
Queis acrem dederat fumoſa culina ſaporem,
In cœnam. Hoſpitiis nam magno obſonia conſtant,
Pervenit ſub nocte domum, quâ Pandochus illum
Torpentem dextrâque levat, blandeque ſalutat.
'Pinguis et alba tibi Gallina aſſabitur, ovis
'Plena ſuis, et quam, pro torque, tomacula cingent.
'Quo lubet interea vino tergere palatum?
Ingemit hic, (nam ſedulitatem odit pretioſam)

'Non tanti esurio: satis est cum pane sinapis:
'Cœna leves somnos brevis efficit. Hoc mihi curæ est,
'Automedon bene curet equos, et stramine multo.
'Extendat rugas ocreis, thalamoque reponat.
Jussa viri expediunt. Dum Pandochus Automedonque
Eximiè cœnant, torrebat stramine Phidon
Piscículos, Cocus ipse suus. Sed mane coactus
Bis denos numerat drachmas. Quis talia fando
Temperat a lachrymis?——Jejunus et amens
Poscit equos——Valeas (inquit jam caupo) reversus
Lautius hic poteris multo cœnare minoris.

*An frustra fit per plura quod fieri potest per pauciora? Affirm.*

CHrysophilus papulis ardens, abdomine turgens,
Dum gemit, Archigenes ægro et Iapis adest.
Eluit hic alvum; cultris ille ulcera cædit:
Hic phialis Orcum ludit, et ille manu.
Ecce! iterum ægrotat. Quid agat? Nam pendula mens est,
Num satius pretium solvere, sive mori.
Canidia exiguo spondet removere dolores,
Præstitit et decimâ sedula luce fidem.
Quem medici duo vix sanârunt millibus ægrum,
Confecit drachmis una duabus anus.

ÆNIG-

## ÆNIGMA.

DULCE Nil! cui dant animos Lyæus,
Saccharum, Lactis niveiq; Flores:
Spumëum turges, agitate Lydes
Verbere crebro.
Tantalum ludunt Latices hiantem,
Seque prensuro eripuere poma.
Dulce Nil! tali sitientis ora
Decipis hausţu.
Obtulit Phyllis, nimium jocosa,
Osculum; sed mî cupido retraxit.
Dulce Nil! qui te voluit potiri,
Luditur umbrâ.
Aulicos quisquam officiosus ambit?
Magna Spondentes vacuum remittunt.
Dulce Nil! Tu ludificare amantes,
Grande professum.

## EPIGRAMMA

*Januæ Carceris novi apud Bodmynenses affixum.*

PLAUDAT magnifico felix Bodmyna Patrono;
Ne Carcer desit civibus, ipse dedit.

*A. D.* 1798.

*——Heu! quantâ de ſpe excidi?* Ter.
*—Corvum deluſit hiantem.* Hor.

SÆPE mihi conjux languens queriturque gemitque:
Inſtat mors Sponſæ pallida, *Bille*, tuæ.
Indolui. Sed mox ſedato corde repreſſi
Fletus, fata memor corrigere eſſe nefas.
Me compono malis rectâ ratione ferendis;
Et certum eſt, Superi quod voluere, pati.
Non temeri ingentis fuerat præſaga mali mens.
Heu! morbi infelix exitus! Illa — valet.

*Merito amittit proprium aliena qui appetit.*
Phæd.

EST tibi, *Trulla*, inquit jam grandi *Gellia* natæ
Virginitas triplex, noſtra, paterna, tua.
Caſtorum virtus maneat pro dote parentum,
Serveturque Domûs intemeratus honos.
Audiit hæ *Corydon* jactantem ſæpe puellam,
Atque ait, O triplici Virginitate potens,
Adde meam numero: Fies vel Pallade major,
Et cedet famæ caſta Diana tuæ.
Annuit, accepit. Decimæ tamen ordine Lunæ
Fit mater; Virgo dum nimis eſſe cupit.

*—— Quoſlibet occupat artus*
*Spiritus, èque feris humana in corpora tranſit,*
*Inque feras noſter——* Ovid Metam.

IN nova migrantes animas ego dicere vellem
Corpora, pro libitu in ſedes rediiſſe relictas;
Tanta Senem ni deficiant in carmina vires.
*Bracmani* memores, Artis miracula veſtræ
Pandite, Diſcipulis *Samii* diſcenda Magiſtri.
*Abdalla* et *Beroë*, Regum pulcherrimus alter,
Altera, quas habuit Perſis, prælata Puellis,
Ex æquo ardebant, tædæ quoque jure coïbant,
Felices ambo; donec deceperat omnes,
Te præter, Regina, *Sinon*, qui Te Super omnes
Decepiſſe velit, pietatis imagine falſâ.
Torvus, acerba tuens, acres rotat undique ocellos,
Aſpera vox, naſus ſuſpendens omnia, velox
Ingenium, in dubiis vis et ſolertia rebus.
Procerus, validus, ſparſus jam tempora canis.
Hic *Beroës* cæco jamdudum carpitur igni,
Vulnus alens venis: plus hanc Diademate Regi
Invidet ingratus, lectumque affectat eündem.

Languentes oculi, ſuſpiria, pulſaque palmis
Pectora, ſedulitaſque dabant manifeſta furoris
Indicia audacis; *Bervë* quem ſenſit et odit.
Oblatas verſutus opes, neglexit honores,
*Abdallæ* charus, nec cuiquam inviſus in Aulâ

Eoïs Aurora jugis, prænuntia Solis,
Immiſit roſeam lucem; reducemque ſalutant
Dulci voce Diem volucres, balatibus agni.
*Abdalla* inſignem phaleris, comitante *Sinone*,
Scandit equum, lævo pharetram ſuſpenderat auream
Ex humero, Lycium criſpans, ceu Cynthius, arcum
Dextrâ: animus ſed adeſt cunctis præſtantior armis.
Ad ſaltus tendunt et devia luſtra ferarum.
Protinus e dumis maculoſo vellere Dama
Emicat; aptatam nervo impiger ille ſagittam
Mittit, et horrificum Sonitum dat letifer Arcus.
It ſtridens, terebratque latus lethalis arundo,
Purpureumque feræ penitus bibit acta cruorem;
Concidit, et molli tremebunda extenditur herbâ.

Hinc Tibi fraus omnis! grates, miſerande, Dianæ
Victor agis: Damam ſpectas, ſpectabere Dama.
Lætâ fronte comes fallax cui talibus inſit

Oſtendis,

Oſtendis, bone Rex, junctam cum viribus artem,
Vi'n' Tibi majores vires majoris et artis
Oſtendam? majora fide tibi, ſpondeo, Princeps:
Vivere nempe feram, me, verſâ ſorte, cadaver
Cernes—verba fides ſequitur: Mens juſſa loquentis
Exuit humanos artus, animatque ferinos.
Jam Dama exultim ludens, et blandula Regem
Accedit, lambitque manus, quibus ante cadebat.

Attonitus novitate rei, metuenſque Sodali
Rex ſtetit: in proprios remeavit Spiritus artus.
Mutatas *Abdalla* vices hominiſque feræque
Miratur gaudetque—*Sinon*, quo numine fretus
(Namque artem ſuperant) facis hæc? celabis Amicum?
Prodigiis dubium torquebis durus? At ille
Sæpius inſtantem differt, acuitque negando.

Vix tandem, velut invitus, ſuſpiria ficto
Corde ciet: duplices tendens ad ſidera palmas
Atque oculos — Tu Bracmanûm ſanctiſſime, dixit,
Da veniam, tua ſi commiſſa arcana recludam
Infandum, O *Abdalla*, jubes renovare dolorem.
Patruus infantem exſectum de matre peremptâ,
Inſigni pietate Seni me tradit alendum,

Qui me Derviſos jam tum tenditque fovetque
Annumerandum inter, myſteria ſacra Deorum
Edoctum—— Tandem proprium rediturus ad aſtrum,
Ut Phœnix, flammis, vates ſibi montibus altis
Inſtituit de more pyram— Tunc, fide Miniſter,
Eſto maximi (ait) jam tu mihi muneris heres.
In quodcunque velis animam tranſmittere corpus
Ut poſſis, memor hæc, non enarranda niſi in aurem,
Verba tene, æternum tacito ſub pectore ſervans:
Juratus didici, quæ nunc tu ſcire laboras.

Fare (ait impatiens Rex) tutæ creditur auri—
Exponit— Dubius, verbiſne potentia tanta eſt?
(Rex ſecum) Experiar: nam quid tentare nocebit?

Hoc erat in votis, hoc totâ mente petebat
Graſſator— Propriâ ſed Tu, Rex, pelle maneres.
Hora venit, verba hæc cum magno optaveris emptum
Non audita Tibi, nec te valuiſſe rogando.
Heu! novitatis amor mortalia pectora quantum
Urget in exitium! Fera fit, qui Sceptra gerebat
Patria, ſponte ſuâ exanimus procumbit humi Rex.

Dum levis hæc curſu ſpatioſo ludit in arvo;
Ille dolum meditans, arrepto tempore, corpus
Occupat, indignum inceſtus quod ſpiritus iſte
Intus agat. Mortem cui telo infenſus acuto
Intentat: Damâ volat ocior, ocior Euro.
Non agitur res parva; fugax *Abdalla* ſalutem;
Cæde *Sinon* regnumque petit vetitoſque Hymenæos.
Vectus equo, armatus, penniſque adjutus amoris
Viciſſet laſſum; miſerati eludere denſis
Ni Fauni innocuum ſylvis Dryadeſque dediſſent.
Sic, cum radit iter liquidum per nubila tranans
Accipiter, quærens pullis immitibus eſcam,
Speluncâ procul errantem ſi fortè columbam
Vidit; uterque alis, hic ſpe celer, illa timore,
Concuſſis fertur: Venientem a vertice velox
Illa videns, gyris, ne ſit ſuus impetus hoſti
Decipit, in nido donec ſe condidit arcto.
Jamque redit victor. Succeſſu fraudis ovantem,
Amplexu molli *Beroë Regina* recepit,
Pro ſponſo mœchum, Cives pro Rege tyrannum.
*Derviſum* famuli referunt exangue cadaver;
Setoſi percuſſum apri quem fulmine fingit,
Triſtia fletque *Sinon* ſimulator fata *Sinonis*.
Ille quidem vocem et corpus regale gerebat;

Sed ſine mente gerit. Quantum mutatus ab illo
*Abdallâ*, quem junxit Hymen, quem pronuba Juno!
Diſſimilem arguerant Luxuſque, et ſpurca Libido,
Et faſtus, quo turget inops, cum ſurgit in altum.

Interea Regem mutatâ ſorte dolentem
Sceptri raptus honos, pietaſque fideſque ſuorum;
Præcipue tangit violati injuria lecti.
Jamque metus augent luctum. Mandata Tyrannus
Ediderat Damas latè per regna necandas.
Quotidie periiſſe videt: Se ſtrage petitum
Senſerat. Heu! quid agat dubitat. Philomela perempta
Fortè cadit, monuitque feræ præferre volucrem.

Ergo novis properans ad celſa Palatia pennis
Avolat, et Thalami notis viſenda feneſtris
Aſſidet, et raptos cantu ſolatur amores.
Conticuere omnes vocis dulcedine capti.
Præcipuè miratur avem Regina, ſuamque
Eſſe cupit. Prædam famuli cepere volentem.
Non opus huic clauſtris: gaudet, Dominamque ſalutat,
Oſcula dat manibus quoties porrexerat eſcam.
Uſque adeò in dirum pennis roſtroque *Sinonem*
Sæviit, ut poſſit jam non Philomela videri.

Præter

Præter avem, fuerat Dominæ dilecta catella:
Abstulit hanc gravidam partûs dolor. Amite ab alto
Corruit in præceps ales. Jactura querelas
Extorquet *Beroë* lachrymæque per ora fluebant.
Ipse *Sinon* jam non potuit preferre dolorem
Reginæ pallentesque genas: & spondet amoris
Atque artis specimen. Regales deserit artus
Spiritus, & vitam volucri cantusque remittit.
Dumque ea mirantur; justa Rex concitus ira,
Ex Cane, qua latuit paulum, in sua membra reversus
Surgit, avem manibus trepidantem morte futura
Corripit, & tenera caput a cervice revellit.
Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub—umbris.

## *Pol me occidistis, amici.*

POrcius, auriculis collecta sorde, remansit
Conjugis horrisono tutus ab ore diu.
Tranquillæ impatiens vitæ petit ille Philotam,
Quo citius Surdis non feret alter opem.
Protinus, accepta modica mercede, valescit:
Et mox purgatum personat Ægla caput.
O medice, exclamat, linguam compesce tonantem;
Auriculis morbum vel, bone, redde suum.

## *Ad Rev. Doctiſſimumque Virum,* Lud. Stephens.

PIngue, quod dextra expediit Saporum
Callidæ Sponſæ officioſa donum
Accipis gratus. Tibi quale tandem
Mittet Amicus?
Pingue nimirum, Tibi ſed ferendum.
Namque deſuetam reſidemque Muſam,
Indole atque annis animoſus Ipſe in
Carmina poſcis.
Debilem qualis moriturus haſtam
Torſit in Pyrrhum Priamus ferocem,
Carmen urgenti Tibi nunc remitto,
Viribus impar.
Fertiles nec mî dedit Ilithyia
Conjuges, dicens ſatis eſſe pulchras;
Divitem ſed nec patrio creata
Vertice venam.
Luſimus ſi quod, recitante Amico
Audit lubens *Pater ille*, nobis †
Cujus, heu! deſiderium nec ulla
Terminet Ætas;
Alta

† *Dominus* Jon. Trelawney *Epiſc. Winton.*

Alta Wolfæi monumenta magni
Dum manent: pulchrum nihil eſt daturus,
Cujus et notum trepidavit ætas
Claudere luſtrum.
Macerat me (nam quid agam requiris)
Per dies Senos repetita Crambe;
Deteror fruſtra exacuendo plumbum,
Cotis ad inſtar.
Septimus Titan quoties reluxit,
Tædia ingrati relevans laboris,
Cautus haud acri peto prædicator
Rura caballo.
Quæ dies tandem dabit hiſce finem!
Perferam: nec me, Tibi quæ renidet
Faulſtitas, unquam ſinet eſſe paulum,
Chare, beatum.
Otio dum Tu frueris receſſus,
Id caves ne Te fugiat, quod uſquam eſt
Cognitum! ſecurus opum, moleſti im-
munis Amoris:
Ergo præſentis trutina labores
Penſitas ævi, aut veterum revolvens,
Seriis laſſus, joculare ſcribis
Carmen Amicis.

Cum

Cum Tibi Sancto vacat à Patrono,
Quem colis magno meritoque Amore.
Visis antiquam memor usque Matrem
Charus Alumnus †
Convenis illic lepidus Magistros,
Quos Sibi vellent pueri Deorum
Temperant vobis Charites Lyæum
Mercuriusque.
Mole quam pulchra Thalamum futuris *
Surgere et scenis decora alta cernes!
Jam locum Pomona parat Togatæ
Æqua Juventæ.
Hinc licet carpant placidæ quotannis
Aureos Musæ totidem novenæ
Surculos: arbor simili metallo
Regia frondet.
Floreat semper, precor alma Mater,
Quæ dedit Regi modo *Carteretum*, †
Regibus sæpe egregios datura,
Regibus Aucta.
Hæc sed *Alsopus*——modulanda nervis
Dum sequor plura, increpuit, Lyramque
Excutit *Lesbis* (quid enim!) impotenti i-
rata Puella,

Qui

* *Schol. Regiam Westmonast.* † *Dormitorium jam tum in Pomario instit.*
† *Egregius ille Vir, et vere Nobilis in Schola hac eruditus*

## *Qui timide rogat docet negare.*

*Flavia* cum facilis victoria ceſſit *Amyntæ*,
Sic mœſto *Corydon* pectore queſtus ait.
Rivali ergo meo nubis, male fida Puella?
Judice te, *Corydon* anteferendus eram.
Illa refert; ſapiens peteret te Virgo pudicum:
Huic, audax adeo eſt, nulla negare poteſt.

## *Ad Hon. Virum D.* JOHANNEM, CHICHESTER, *Bar. de* Youlſton.

NON, quod in noſtris Eques ortus agris
Te magis nemo generoſus extat,
Læta vel quod Te Dominum ſalutat
Turba Clientum,
Te colit quiſquam Sapiens amatque:
Ingenii ſed vis, bone, Te FIDESQUE *
FIRMA, quæ exornat Titulos tuæque Inſignia ſtirpis,
Te Viris charum faciunt; pudicis
Matribus pulchræ pia cura prolis.
Si roges; matrem fieri recuſet
Sana puella?

Accipe,

* *The Motto of his Arms.*

Accipe, (arrident Tibi dona vatum)
Quæ, pedem vinctus teneris utrumque
Fasciis, heu! vix operosa frendens
Carmina fingo.
Nempe tormentum ingemo Podagra
Admovet duro: Philomela qualis
Dicitur dulces stimulata cantus
Nocte ciere.
Ipse, non ignare mali, misello
Candidus pande, expedit moleſti
Te laborantem per acuta morbi
Quæ medicina?
Quas dedit normas *Opifex* salutis
*Iscius* *? cujus Libitina nomen
Horret, invito & male quot capessunt
Pharmaca Phœbo.
Arte qua docti teneant novantem,
Morbe, te vultus toties? Sequentes
Semper eludes, aliusque, & idem,
Unus, & omnes?
Te vocant, quicquid nequeunt mederi.
Tu latus pungis, caput, atque lumbos.
Rebus interdum specioſa rebus
Nomina præbes.
Crapula

* Dr Williams, *Exon.*

Crapula si cui Stomachus relanguet;
Ossibus serpit Venus aut maligna:
Ille, cur pallet rogites, reponit
Nempe Podagrâ?
Heu miser! quemcunque pudet malorum.
Nulla si nostrum movet Ars; feremus
Ut decet fortes. Dolor ille prodest,
Qui sciat uti.
Molle pulvinar reduci paretur.
Tœdium fallant soliti lepores.
Nec verecundo sociare Nymphas
Parce Lyæo.
Nunc equum cursu validus fatigas,
Vel domi clausus, juvenes senesque
Quid juvet quærens sapis, & revolvis
Scripta priorum.
Sæpe vis *Cyro* comes ire; luctus
Teque *Cassandana* monet nefandi,
Nulla viventi prior! Heu! sepultæ
Ecqua Secunda?

## *Ad Eundem.*

HOC vitium eſt fateor veſtro, bone *Piſo*, *Podargo*,
Ut ſanus nunquam membranam & ſcrinia poſcat.
Aut ſi adeo—tamen invita craſſaque Minerva,
Diſperdat miſerum, nec dignum carmen Amicis.
Inſanus nunquam deſiſtat ſcribere (fas ſit
Dicere) quæ nolis temere damnare placentis.

Cur nunc, forte roges, ſalis expers atque doloris
Sollicito reſidem deſueta in carmina Muſam?
Ut ſibi nempe placet vates, qui ſurgit in *Altum*
Non minimum eſſe puto laudis deſcendere in *Imum*.

Fautores habuit *Drydenus*, *Mimus* habet nunc,
Dignus uterque ſuis; meruit ſed diſpare vena:
Namque feret ſapiens mediocrem nemo Poetam:
Ut vinum, ingenium eſt; quod laudat Apicius æque,
Vel cum potanti ſibi tergat forte palatum;
Vel cum corruptum piſces perfundat oluſve.

Ut variis poſſit convivis cœna placere,
Fercula multa Catus componit, quin etiam unam
Rem didicit variare, Coci qui nomine dignus.

Sunt

Sunt quasi convivæ Lectores. quod placet illi,
Displicit huic; amat hic, quod acutior improbat alter.

*Infantes* cantat *cæsos*, *Patrumque cruentum*,
Corpora *Aves* foliis condentes parva caducis
Nutrix, dum motat cunabula, fletque canendo.
Usque adeo carmen pariter delectat et angit.

Humanæ puer edidicit qui elementa loquelæ
Nocturnos Lemures, horrendaque facta Sagarum
Territat ancillas recitans, teneraſque Sorores.

*Propria quæ maribus——Genus aut variantia flexum*
Cum recitare poteſt, non indignante Magiſtro;
Mox legit *Heroas* Monachorum ſomnia captos,
Quos premit horrificum cuſtodia dira *Gigantum*:
*Lampada perpetuam*, clauſamque *Draçone Puellam*.

Virgo genis pallens, ſoleas et lintea rodens,
Poſcit moeſta Elegos, et amares luget amores.
Pendenteſque canit Nymphas, aut flumine merſas.

Cantat *Io Bacche---Latitat Vulpecula dumis---*
Ruſticus, et rumpit fumoſam voce popinam:
Reſpondet numeris orichalco Tibia vincta
Murmurat et Foſſis cubiti molimine preſſus.

Moroſis Satiræ, gravibuſque Tragedia cordi,
Grandiloquo *Soccum* præfers, Gelaſina, *Cothurno*.

Quam diverſa petunt omnes! tamen omnibus unus
Quis dabit? heu! Vates non omnia poſſumus omnes.
Dote tua contentus abi, qui ſcribere geſtis.
Phœbus Epos dederat *Blacmoro* arteſque Salubres.
*Durfæo* cantus hilares nugaſ que ſonoras.
Natales celebare tibi, *Cybberia* proles.
Immunem non immemorem tetigere dolores,
*Piſo*, tui. nec mi fas eſt obrepere ſomnum
Longa in nocte, Tibi quem dira Podagra negavit,
Ergo ſoporiferum (raro hæc Medicina fefellit)
Exterior Carmen: mea ſcit lullare Camœna.
Dormitans ſcribo: lege, dormitabis et Ipſe.
Mane moras rumpens fuge lectum, poſce quadrigas,
I, quo dignus amor jam Te vocat; i pede fauſto,
Et ſano. Podagrum, quam fecerit, Ipſa fovebit.

## *From* HUDIBRASS.

SIc cum Lite duo certant, Cane pejus et Urſo,
Ne citius laſſi compoſta pace quieſcant,
Ardentes retrahunt, lites augentque morando
Cauſidici, donec vires renoventur: at inde
Integrant bellum, et raucis clamoribus urgent.

*Erudi-*

Eruditiſſimo viro *Guilelmo Carſwel.* ὑγιαίνειν.

*Audivi Te, Vir chariſſime, febri laborare ex frigore contracta. Ne valeam ipſe, ni Te non valere doleam. Prolixa tamen importunitate nolo peccare; ne hoc etiam ad morbum — Accipias, rogo, qua noſtra ſoles benevolentia, Oden hanc, qualemcunque, Tibi tuoque Medico dicatam — Quis ſcripſerit, etſi nullus dixero, facile dignoſces. Revaleſcas, Deum oro, et ſanus ad nos redeas, qualem dudum Te vidimus.*

18. *Kal. Apr. A. C.* 1734.

URbis ne fumus Te et ſtrepitus, bone,
Morbo fatigatum implicuit gravi?
Curæve torquent nos inanes,
Eſtque metu levius periclum?

Virtus ne nondum Corticis Indici
Æſtum coercent ſanguinis efficax:
Febriſque doctam ludit artem, et
Serpet adhuc latitans per ortus;

Bathonienſes nil latices juvant?
Nil aura Circi; aut ſuavis odoribus †
Qui ſpirat Hortus mille, *Prolem*
Egregiam recreans GEORGII?

Defende cautus frigora: nec, quia
Lætaris ævi cælibis otio,
Uſque menſæ temperato
Inſita vis Tibi promovetur,

Speres

† Hyde *Park and* Kenſington *Gardens.*

Speres viarum tædia perpeti,
Qualis juventæ flore superbiens.
Ergo revisas rura curru;
Sole Ityos revocante matrem.

Cedamus annis. Nempe fovet senem
Me Sponsa, qualis Pelea Nereis.
Jam lentiorem sentit Æthon †
Castoreo potior caballo.

Charum, Salutis nobilis Artifex,
Debes Amicum qui Tibi creditum,
Hic prome vires, languidumque
Expedias per acuta morbi.

Sic fama Terras pervolitet tua,
Quot Ille vidit: nec vice simplici,
Qualem creavit Maja, doctus
Nobilium Comes atque Custos.

At nos Amico munera Carminis
Grati recepto, (ne Tibi sordeant)
Votiva solvemus. Patronus
Vatibus & Medicis Apollo.

† *Old* Dun, *an excellent Horse.*

Rev.

*Rev. Ornatiſſimoque Viro* T. MORRISON, *S.*

ABſenti, quia non vidiſſe licebat Amicum,
Nec ſingultanti dicere voce, *Vale*;
Muſa ſalutatrix pro me cupit ire; nec unquam
Ludere quæ gaudet, diſplicuere Tibi.
Præruptum ſed iter, declive, acclive timet jam
Æthon, & cautus me monet eſſe ſenem.
Vivite felices Animæ! ſimilemque priori
Agnoſcat Dominam Villa relicta novam †.
Neu pigeat gravidam ſancto cum Conjuge Sponſam,
Conceſſam Nato deſtituiſſe Domum.
Latonæ memor ipſa ſuæ Lucina dolores
Leniet, & Mater dulce fovebit onus.
Aerio, procul hinc, ſedem ſub Monte locatis,
*Turris* * ubi rapidis nomina fecit aquis.
Non ſatis arva patent illic ſpatioſa quadrigis;
Nec ſecat anguſtas picta Phaſelos aquas.
Æquore ſed vacuus mittes revolubile buxum:
Gramineo, palmam metaque tacta dabit.

Per

† Heanton-Court *pleaſantly ſeated on the* Taw, *yielded by Mrs* Morriſon *to her Son on his Marriage.*

* Torrington *built on a high Hill, whoſe Foot is waſh'd by the River* Turrige, *and about a Bowling-Green commands a View of the Country.*

Per dumos ſed & hic fugientem ad flumina cervum
Cernis, & inſtantes tutus ab Arce canes.

Sin animum recreans intentis Carmina nervis
Inhumeris, reſonat Barbitos, una Chorus.

Non humiles fuerint, (parvis habitetis Hypæpis)
Quos, bone, dicetur Vos habitaſſe, Lares.

Cum Jove viſurus Terras deſcenderat Hermes;
Nulla domus præbet fercula, nulla torum.

Impia queis portas occluſit Turba ſuperbas,
Excipit una, bono cum Sene, Baucis anus.

Ædiculas Superi in Templum ſibi ſurgere mandant,
Capti ambo hoſpitii ſedulitate pii.

Vix cernenda prius, ſupra alta Palatia Regum
Claruit acceptis vel Caſa parva Deis.

*5to Kal. Nov.*
*A. D.* 1734.

## *Laudes Cœlibis Vitæ.*

BEatus ille, qui procul negotiis
Uxoriis, Cœlebs agit
Quietus ævum; pervicacis Fœminæ
Solutus omni jurgio.

Non audit ille, "Perfidus, Gerro, Vagus,
Quæ multa Conjux ingerit,
Morante

Morante ſuſpicax ultra veniam Viro,
At maxime, tardo domi.
Nam Nupta paucis concipit ni menſibus,
Miſella ait ſe negligi!
Aſtutior ſed quæ, querelas ſupprimit,
Quæritque amorem mutuum:
Prægnantis, eheu! vel fluentem Nauſeam,
Faſtidium aut puerperæ,
Nolit, velitne, perpeti debet tamen,
Creare qui vult liberos.
" Tu delicatæ, mi Vir, inſumis gulæ
" Servanda noſtris poſteris? "
Ergo Cupidinum parens levium cato
Huic irritam quaſſat facem.
Curas amoris ille, ficta gaudia,
Falſamque ſpem, & vanos metus,
Et lachrymarum, quas ciet muliercula,
Securus irridet dolos.
Cubile linquit molle, cum recens roſis
Aurora pingit æthera.
Aviumque naſcentem ſalutantûm Diem
Ut recreatur cantibus!
Colitve Muſas, aut deambulat foras,
Jucundior, ſi ſit comes.

Surgente ludus Vespero ingenuus levat,
Curasque diluit merum,
Hero parata cum puer jussus locat
Cœnæ salubris fercula.
Monente nocte, lectulo solus jacet,
Sopitus, aut vigil sibi.

Locutus amissa hæc *Fabullus* conjuge,
Et plura, quæ fudit dolor;
" Miserior ecquis me videt Solis jubar!
" O invidam Proserpinam!"
Primis solutus, en! Decembre nuptiis,
Quærit Secundas Martio.

## *An Biblia sint legenda Laicis? Aff.*

CUm Sacra Romanis celebratur Cœna, Sacerdos
Pocula solus habet, cætera Turba sitit.
Cum tonat Antistes rostris dictator ab altis,
Et nova Mira refert, credula Roma stupet.
Quærere non ausa est Divinæ Oracula Mentis,
Pro Populo, solus qui bibit ille legit.
Papa, nimis durus, vinumque & Scripta negasti
Sit rapuisse satis Pocula; redde Librum.

## *Ad* Gulielmum Forteſcue, *Arm.*

*In Auſpicatiſſimum Illuſtriſſimi* Principis FREDERICI *adventum.*

DOmi remotus finibus ultimis
Terræ, æſtuoſo gurgite dividit
Qua Cambriâ Sabrina torrens
Damnonios Atavis ſuperba,
Diis pro recepto *Principe* gratias
Solvo triumphans. Atria regia
Pro me ſalutatrix adire
Ambitioſa cupit Camœna.
O, cui dederunt Caſtalides melos
Suadela linguam cui Dea temperat;
(Non auguror vanum) O futuræ
Juridicæ Moderator Aulæ!
Non uſitatum carmen amiculi,
Quanquam occupatus, percipe. Sentient
Mox Te acriorem pro cliente
Roſtra, moram faciente Muſa.

Quæ si volentem destituit Lyram,
Vix digna tanti *Principis* auribus,
Laudare saltem non molestæ
Obsequium poteris Senectæ.

Optate *Princeps* Angligenum diu
Votis tuorum! Te sibi debitum,
Ut gratulantur Te venire,
Diis genite, & geniture Divos!

O digna *Regum progenies*, ave!
Pulchrisque Frater digne *Sororibus*,
Quas Cypriam Divam creasse,
Instituisse putes Minervam.

Matrona num quæ Prole beatior
Ditavit Orbem Regia? Qui sibi
Heroas optarit Nepotes,
Ambiet hinc Generos, Nurusque.

Inter beatos annumerabitur,
Sceptris Avitis qui potitur! tamen
Virtute Sanctorum Parentum
Dos minor est Diadema Natis.

Abſente quantus nos habuit metus
Te, forte ne Dux immemor auxilii
Olim impetrati, jamque pollens,
Immerito inſidias pararet!

Perrumpis omnes intrepidus moras;
Famæque pennas antevolans leves
Allaberis, mandante *Patre*
Angliacis inopinus oris.

Quin nec Cohortes, officioſaque
Te Pompa duxit; ſed ſine milite
Secura Virtus: deſtinatum
Vicit Iter pietatis ardor.

Qualis miniſter Mercurius Jovis,
Mandata magni ſedulus exequi,
Atlante deſcendit nivoſo,
Verticibus celer aut Olympi.

O macte *Princeps!* Conſule Patriæ,
Maturus inter Patricios ſedens:
Ut cana Te miretur Ætas,
Et ſapuiſſe velit Juventus.

Nunc bellicoſus Cantaber invidet
Calpen Britannis Arcibus additam;
Olim hoſpitales Gens Carinis
Læta tuis aperire Portus.

Experta *Patrem* militia gravem,
*Natum* rogabit fœdere jungier;
Lanamque commutabis auro,
Compoſitis, *FREDERICE*, bellis.

Poſt, ſiqua longas invida Ferias
Gens fraude quæret rumpere; prælio
Victas catervas flebit, impar
Auſpiciiſque tuis et Armis.

## JEPTHÆ *Votum.*

CUm *Jepthas* rediit ſpoliato victor ab Hoſte,
Occurrit temere Filia læta Patri.
Conventum infauſtum! Patris temeraria Vota!
Cui ſane tanti non ſuperaſſe fuit.
*Heros* heu! quid agat tanto diſcrimine rerum?
Hinc urget Pietas; inde paternus Amor.
Parce, Pater, ferro, nec Votum ſolve cruore:
Nam ſine cæde Deo victima Virgo placet.

Ad

## *Ad* Illuſtriſſimum Principem *GUILELMUM NASSAVUM.*

DUm per hybernas amor urget undas
Ire jactatis Juvenem lacertis;
Invidus ſævis Boreas procellis
Obſtat, & Eurus.

Non Abydenus gravius morantes
Increpat ventos tumidumque pontum,
Fata cui nomen dederant Puellæ
Triſtia merſæ,

Regiæ quam Tu thalamo retentus
*Virginis*, NASSAVE, Tibi dicatæ;
Peleus qualem Thetidem recepit
Munere Divum.

Quin laboranti medium per æſtum
Non magis charo metuit Marito,
Dum tremens nantem face nuptiali
Dirigit Hero:

Quam Tibi, *Princeps*, tua Spes et Ignis,
ANNA: Te donec maris expedirent
Et gravis morbi implicitum periclis
Publica vota.

Te quis, Heroum manifesta Proles,
Hospes accedat potior *Britannis?*
Non refers Genti, bone, *GULIELMUM*
Nomine Solo.

Te salutantûm satis obtulisti
Circulo; paulum Tibi parce cautus.
*Conjugis* reddet modo Villa lassum
Te Tibi, & *ANNÆ*.

Otium prudens Amor, ut Camœnæ,
Ruris, & dulces voluit recessus.
Gratiis adsit Cytherea juncta, &
Pronuba Juno.

Turturum murmur, crepitansque rivus,
Sylva vocalis, Zephyri susurrus,
Halitus Florum, recreent amantes,
Dentque Salutem.

## *Epitaphium* J. J---N.

DUm vixi, Comites duo me fecere beatum,
Castore dignus Equus, digna Puella Jove.
Quid voveam moriens? mea sit post funera nemo
Massardilla, tibi, nec tibi, Dicke, gravis.

## *In Obitum* Sereniſſimæ *Reginæ* MARIÆ *quæ Variolis correpta fatis ceſſit* Decem. 28. A. C. 1694. *Æt. ſuæ* 33.

INſolitos auſa eſt Libitina ambire triumphos,
Sacrilegâ Divas et violare manu.
Non ſua defendit Virtus, non Forma MARIAM,
Quin redit ad pulchras pulchrior Ipſa Deas.
En Nymphas paſſiſque comis lachrymiſque decoras!
Quam nitet his, triſti qui ſedet ore, dolor!
Se dedit his Sociam Dominamque MARIA. Puellas
Non ſic dilexit caſta Diana ſuas.
Altius in *Regis* deſcendit pectore vulnus,
Inque animo alternant ira dolorque vices.
Quæ Te Diva ſinu reducem, NASSOVE, fovebit?
Quæ Conſors Regni grande levabit onus?
Ardens dum premeres pallentes fulmine Gallos,
Tutata eſt Anglos mollior Illa domi.
Non ſic defendit Dido, quam condidit, Urbem.
Nec Fratris ſubiit tam bene Luna vices.

Inſtantem

Instantem quoties mortem avertêre MARIÆ
Fulgentesque oculi purpureæque genæ!
Sed tantos audax avulsit morbus honores,
Fugit et, in niveo quæ fuit ore, Venus.
Illa cadit, Superosque audit moribunda vocantes,
Lætaque NASSOVI ni memor esset, abit.

6 NO 61

FINIS.